

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR®

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PRICE TEN CENTS.



MINNIE SEIGMAN.

From photo. by Fall.

AT THE THEATRES.

Park.—*Don Yonson*.

Don Yonson, a poor lumber hand, is the character created by Gus Heege. When we consider how many actors are content to walk through a series of parts without ever thinking of being more than "letter perfect," this is an achievement of which to be proud.

Mr. Heege's *Don Yonson* is a portrayal with absolute fidelity and integrity of the blunt, dense, tor-headed, ungainly Swede, whose like we have seen at Castle Garden but never before upon the stage.

Don Yonson is a poor lumber hand, in Minnesota, whose only luxury is his pipe, and who expresses his profoundest sympathy for a fellow being by the proffer of a round, red apple.

Don Yonson caused peals of mirth at the Park Theatre. This was not because there was anything new in either the plot or the treatment of the plot. It was because Gus Heege has a personality that tickles the theatregoer right between the ribs. *Don* is a fellow who pitches the villain into the water and rescues the heroine from a log-jam with equal serenity, and, as a matter of course, throughout two acts he is treated as everybody's fool. In the last act he bobs up as the man who really owns the lumber camp. He has carried the proof all along in his pocket, but did not know what it was; and we are just as delighted as though we hadn't seen the same thing happen in *A Poor Relation*, to say nothing of *The Lost Paradise*.

The first act is at a railroad hotel. Its success is made by a jump through a window and a crash through a ceiling by Gus Heege. It is farce.

The second act is at the lumber camp, and it is here that the action of the play begins. The climax is the log jam. *Don* jumps in amidst the logs and grabs the heroine from a jam, while the gallery yells with delight.

Don Yonson is of the same species as, but of a different genus than, Noah Vale, Fritz, Reuben Glue, and The Cad. Mr. Heege's personation is never bombastic; its success is due to the simplicity and sincerity of the interpretation.

Annie Lewis appeared as Jennie Morris, a girl who tries to earn her living by being a book agent. She is a lively, graceful, and engaging little woman.

Helene Lowell, as the girl who gets in the jam, was especially commendable. Her voice has flexibility, and her deportment is easy and attractive.

Sadie Connelly, as a fat Irish lady, was bumptious. H. D. Beers, Frankie Jones, J. W. Davenport, and William Barrie were satisfactory.

Metropolitan.—*Aida*.

Aida was given at the Metropolitan last night. Lehmann and De Reszke combined in the cast drew an excellent house, and moved it to at least one height of vociferous enthusiasm. It was at the close of the third act, of course, when this demonstration occurred, following the grand trio of *Aida*, Rhadames and Amonasro. The great singers were called before the curtain again and again, amid cheers and applause such as are rarely heard within the four walls of our Opera House. Even the flaccid inmates of the boxes joined in swelling the chorus of acclamations.

Verdi's noble opera has not been produced so satisfactorily before in this city. The assignment of roles was admirable, the orchestra and chorus efficient, the setting massive. Madame Lehmann was superb. The music of the title role offers unequalled opportunities for the display of her vocal versatility. Tender, passionate, sentimental, tragic by turns, the great artist filled the ear and the imagination with the full proportions of the impersonation.

Jean de Reszke, showing no traces of his recent indisposition, shared the triumphs of the night with Madame Lehmann. Rhadames is a role relatively far less exacting than the long and heavy role of the heroine. Its scope is practically confined to the third and fourth acts. In the third act especially De Reszke electrified his auditors. He was a commanding and handsome Rhadames.

As Amonasro, Mlle. Ravogli sang with notable grace and fine expression. In the scene with *Aida* she was highly effective. Mlle. Ravogli's gifts as an actress equal her vocal merits. She is intense, remarkably picturesque, and truly poetic in action. She is becoming a favorite with the Metropolitan.

The Amonasro of Signor Coletti was a strongly dramatic piece of work, lacking naught save vocal power. Signor Serbolini was a painstaking Ramfis.

The opera was mounted with evident care. The processional effects in the second act were imposing, and the grotesque ballet of slave girls was diverting.

On Wednesday evening Orfeo and *Cavalleria Rusticana* will be sung; on Friday evening, *Le Prophete*, and on Saturday afternoon, *Martha*.

Windsor.—*Led Astray*.

An excellent revival of Bonicault's *Led Astray*, with Rose Evinge in the part of Amanda Chandoe (in which she distinguished herself in A. M. Palmer's celebrated production of the piece at the Union Square Theatre) was put on the boards at the

Windsor Theatre before a good-sized and appreciative audience on Monday night.

Rose Evinge's brilliant interpretation of the role is too well known to need any critical examination; there was no alteration of her original conception of it.

The cast was good. Frank Roberts as Rudolph Chandoe, played with the easy grace of a well-bred man of society. W. J. Cooney's George de Lesparre was equally well depicted, as a polished, subtle scoundrel.

The natural, earnest, but somewhat humorous treatment of the role of Hector Placide by Donald Smedt was decidedly pleasing.

Helen Collett made a handsome, dashing Mathilde, and Mrs. Frederick Hooker was dignified as the Baroness Chandoe. Grace Morello, in the part of Susanne O'Hara, was mainly noticeable for the extraordinary liberal use of rouge and pearl powder in her make-up.

Audubon.—*One of the Bravest*.

One of the Bravest has been seen in New York, not once, but many times, and it has always proved successful. The present engagement will prove no exception.

As a play it contains enough sensations to please the most vivid imaginations, enough specialties to please the most ardent lover of variety, and withal it contains a plot.

As Larry Howard, Charles McCarthy sustains the reputation he has gained by giving a very forcible delineation of the part.

Lottie Burke as Rosie Grogan was a bright and pleasing sourette, and the entire company, without exception, proved themselves capable.

People's.—*After Dark*.

W. A. Brady's production of Bonicault's *After Dark* was the opening attraction of the week at the People's Theatre. It drew an unusually large audience. This was possibly due to the fact that a brisk pugilistic exhibition was a feature of the concert-hall scene.

The ambitious and enterprising W. A. Brady played Old Tom himself, and played it creditably.

Doré Davidson in the part of Dicey Morris, acted with his well-known skill.

Tony Pastor's.—*Variety*.

For the remainder of the holiday week the management of Tony Pastor's has prepared a most excellent bill. It contains the names of many old favorites, principal among which are Harry Kernell and Maggie Cline. Tony Pastor himself came in for his share of approval. Lydia Yeamans' appearance was one of the events of the evening, and as a soprano singer in character songs, won hearty applause. She is graceful in action, and her voice betokens careful training.

Grand.—*Power of the Press*.

Jessop and Pitou's melodrama of life of all kinds in New York, was produced at the Grand Opera House, on Monday, for a week's run. The play has frequently been written about in these columns. It is enough to say that the scenery and situations are as enthusiastically appreciated as ever.

Nible's.—*A Dark Secret*.

A Dark Secret was presented by a company of average merit to a fair-sized audience at Nible's, on Monday night.

The scenic and aquatic effects have lost none of their attractiveness. The Herbert Brothers, acrobats, and George H. Hosmer, the oarsman, were warmly received.

At Other Houses.

There is no news from La Cigale at the Garden, except that Lillian Russell is as radiantly beautiful as ever, and that the audiences are large and pleased.

Alabama shows no signs of abated popularity at Palmer's. It is announced by Mr. Palmer that some time this season he will revive *The Banker's Daughter*, and possibly *The Two Orphans*.

To-night *The Country Circus* will be presented at the Academy for the first time in this city.

The Last of the Hogans has come to stay at Harrigan's. It is full of grotesque characters and scenes.

The Lost Paradise, at Proctor's, is attracting good-sized audiences.

The Broadway Theatre will be closed to-night. The first performance of *The Lion Tamer*, in which it is announced that Francis Wilson has a very congenial part, will be given on Wednesday night.

Marie Prescott and R. D. MacLean are still presenting *Cleopatra and Spartacus* at the Union Square.

To-night will be given the fiftieth performance of *Lady Bountiful* at the Lyceum. Robert Buchanan's pastoral play will be produced next month.

The New City Directory holds the fort at the Bijou.

The Tyrolean, with its delightful music, continues indefinitely at the Casino.

E. J. Henley is to replace E. J. Ratcliffe in *The Junior Partner* at Hermann's. Sydney Rosenfeld has revised the farce. Charles Frohman says that it is doing the best business in the history of the theatre.

Miss Helyett has entered upon its ninth week at the Star. On Monday night Laura Bellini replaced Laura Clement as the Spanish girl. Miss Bellini sings a number of difficult solos that have been omitted hitherto. Only three weeks remain of Miss Helyett's engagement at the Star. It will then be transferred to the Standard.

That Girl from Mexico is falling into fashion. It has been discovered that it is a revamped farce by Charles Matthews. There have been money troubles in the box-office, but it is to be hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew will get out on the road in better shape than the attraction that preceded them at the Standard.

THE PLAYERS' CHRISTMAS.

Christmastide is always a happy period with the members of the profession and though they may be traveling off in the wildest and most impossible towns of the far West the time is marked by many yuletide festivities that remain a pleasant memory through the ensuing year. Notes have been received from different parts of the country telling how the players' Christmas was spent, and good wishes and holiday greetings for *The Mirror* have arrived in plenty.

Nat Goodwin entertained his company at a Christmas supper in Pittsburg, where they were playing. The specially invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robson, Aubrey Bonicault, and Amy Busby. Speeches were made, handsome gifts presented and a pleasant time enjoyed by everyone present. Mr. Goodwin was presented with a silver loving-cup by his company. Mr. Robson tendered a gift to Mr. Goodwin, who retaliated with a silver flask to Mr. Robson.

Rosabel Morrison celebrated Christmas night by a supper to *The Danger Signal* company, at the Hotel Kenmore, at Albany. The menu was made up with a sly reference to the names of each member of the company.

A Christmas greeting comes to us from Cleary's London Opera company, at faraway Iquique, Chili. Many of the members are Americans, kindly remembered here by their friends. Among them are Leonora Braham, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkinson, Kate Carson, Harry Hilliard, D. G. Longworth, and Edwin Cleary.

Ullie Akerstrom entertained her company at the Bay State House, Worcester, Mass. Several press representatives were also present, among them *The Mirror's* correspondent at Worcester. Poems were read, toasts were given and responded to, and beautiful gifts exchanged.

The Fast Mail (Southern) company partook of a banquet after the performance at Lancaster, Pa. It was given by L. J. Carter, who is now in England, presenting the melodrama. He was represented by John Hogan, who distributed gifts, and was made the recipient of a gold hunting-case watch. He responded in a felicitous speech, and the company retired when day was dawning.

In New York, at the Lyceum Theatre, the children taking part in *Lady Bountiful*, were entertained on the stage after the performance by a Santa Claus, who distributed their presents before an audience composed of the Lyceum company and others. The baby of the play was given a silver christening ring and spoon.

Corinne was tendered a banquet at Knoxville, at which distinguished guests were present, and received gifts from many friends in different parts of the country.

Patti Rosa's Christmas was spent in Dallas, Tex., and she gave an elaborate banquet to her company after the performance.

Two members of the Wilbur Opera company celebrated the Yuletide by getting married on Christmas eve. They surprised the company by announcing the fact when the distribution of presents was taking place. Each member of the company was remembered.

Frank Davis, of Our Irish Visitors company, received a pair of diamond cuff-buttons, an engraved Roman gold locket, and three handsome studs.

Charles Benton and Frank Calvert were the recipients of gold-headed canes on the morning of the twenty-fifth from Manager Chase, of the Hettie Bernard-Chase company, and Mr. and Mrs. Chase were presented with a silver set by the company.

Harry Williams and his wife (Katie Emmett) presented Will A. McConnell, their general agent, with a handsome gold watch and chain.

The employees of Harris' circuit of theatres at Cincinnati, Louisville, Pittsburg, Washington, and Baltimore, presented Mrs. P. Harris with a handsome Christmas gift, consisting of a solid silver Tiffany tea set, a china dinner set, and a pair of bronze statues. A silver plate was inscribed "As a token of esteem to Mrs. P. Harris from the employees of Harris' circuit of theatres, Xmas, 1891."

On Christmas Eve the management of the Jersey City Academy of Music served a supper to the employees on the stage after the performance. In addition, Mrs. Henderson presented each man in her employ with a handsome scarf and pin.

Al Bryan, who has charge of the bill posting for the Opera House and Star Theatre, Cleveland, was presented with a gold chain, watch, and charm by Managers Hartz and Drew.

The Two Old Cronies company had a banquet and Christmas tree on Dec. 24, at Natchez. Gifts were exchanged between the members of the company, and Manager W. C. Anderson was presented with a handsome souvenir. Singing and dancing occupied the company for the rest of the evening. Ada Dean also read an original comic poem.

MINNIE SELIGMAN.

This exceptionally gifted young woman, whose rare emotional talent has attracted such wide-spread attention, is about twenty-three years of age. Her personality is deeply interesting, and the observer is at once impressed with her wonderful magnetic power, the force of which dominates, and is concentrated in a highly strung dramatic temperament.

Miss Seligman made her first professional appearance at the Madison Square Theatre about four years ago, in Elaine, in which she played a minor part. Next she was engaged as understudy in the McVicker stock company, in Chicago. Chance favored her, and she was given the trying role of Vera in *Moths*, which she played with great success.

Eugene Field wrote her an autograph letter in which he said, "If the future accomplishes what the present promises, you will be one of America's greatest actresses." Since then Miss Seligman has played the

leading female roles in the New York city productions of *Money Mad*, Raglan's *Way*, *The Mighty Power*, Potter of Texas, and *The Power of the Press*. In each and every play she has made an emphatic success. Miss Seligman, who is at present the leading lady of Mr. Pitou's stock company, is one of the most promising young actresses now before the public.

KIDNAPPED BY CRANE.

Clay Greene, joint author with Augustus Thomas, of the new comedy *For Money*, with which W. H. Crane will open his annual season at the Star Theatre, on Jan. 12, is never weary of relating to his friends the story of the summary way in which Mr. Crane kidnapped Thomas and himself, and refused to release them until they had completed the scenario to his liking. If Mr. Greene's story may be relied on in all its details, the genial comedian played the bold buccaneer in real life more effectively than any role that he ever attempted on the stage. This is how the author told the story to a reporter yesterday.

"Thomas and I had contracted with Mr. Brooks, Mr. Crane's manager, to write a play two years ago, but somehow or other, the result of our first joint efforts in preparing the story did not please either Crane or Brooks. It was arranged that Gus Thomas should write the first two acts, and furnish me with a synopsis for the last two, but when we met at Crane's cottage in Cohasset, in the Summer of 1890, we found, to our disgust, that we had both arranged the same two acts, and were able to present only half a scenario. Gus had so skilfully managed the tragedy of the business, that he had killed off his hero at the end of the second act, and I found that I had innocently insulted Crane by giving him the part of an Indian Chief to play. Thomas had brought his part of the story up to the hanging of the Indian, and there was nothing left for Crane in the last two acts, but to be decently buried.

The outlook for the completion of the play was not bright, and we neither of us blamed Crane very much for being annoyed. He said he didn't think he could make much fun out of an Indian hanged by vigilantes, anyway, and we came to the conclusion that the only thing to do, was to begin all over, and construct our play on new lines.

"Now, anybody who has ever accepted the charming hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Crane at Cohasset, will easily understand that we made little progress in evolving our story while enjoying ourselves as their guests. The days rolled by, and we had made no progress, and finally we agreed to come to New York and finish our work here. We communicated this resolution to Crane, and he, apparently, fell into our plans heartily. Suddenly, clapping his hand on his knee, he exclaimed, 'I'll tell you what, boys, I'll take you round to New York on my yacht.' Of course, we jumped at this proposal—bit like sharks, as Gus said afterward. We boarded the yacht, and sailed out of the little creek that leads up to Crane's house, past Minot's Ledge and into the broad Atlantic. The shores of Nantasket had not receded from view, when Crane appeared before us on the quarter-deck. He was no longer the genial host who had been entertaining us so royally for days. He was every inch a commodore, monarch of all he surveyed. The smile had left his face, and his eyes were stern and commanding. He stood looking at us for a moment, and we felt instinctively that something was going to happen out of the ordinary. Something did happen. Raising his Senatorial forefinger and pointing it sternly at us, Commodore Crane thundered in his most impressive sea voice:

"Now, the time for play has passed! I want that story from you two men, and I'll d—d if you see dry land again until I have it!"

"He turned on his heel without another word, went forward, and as we gazed at each other in astonished silence, we heard him giving orders to the crew to keep the yacht's prow due East, heading toward the coast of Spain. We knew that he meant business. The yacht was well provisioned, and we were in the hands of a bold kidnapper, who, we felt sure, would show us no mercy. Our only ransom was to produce a scenario that would suit our captor, and we went to work at it. The result was the story on which we afterwards wrote *For Money*.

"We gave Crane all the variety that he wanted. We made him a leader in society, a capitalist, a militia colonel, a commodore of a yacht club, a statesman, a philanthropist, and a loving father. We enabled him to exhibit his manly form in five different suits of clothes, and thus gratified his inordinate vanity. We gave him sensationalism in a labor strike, and a yacht race, and there was hardly anything in the range of dramatic art that we did not furnish him with.

"When our scenario was finished, we sent a humble message to our buccaneer chief, begging that he would grant us an interview in the cabin. He came, surrounded by his crew of five burly pirates. We read the scenario, the pirates applauded it, Crane said, 'The gallery approves; it's a go!' and the head of the yacht was turned shoreward, and we were finally landed safe in New York, free men once more.

"For *Money*, as finally constructed, embraces all the features planned by us under duress, and a few more. Crane says his character is the largest and busiest comedy part he ever attempted. The piece played well in Cleveland, and Thomas and I both feel very confident that it will prove a success here."

On Sunday night of last week there were entertainments at the Broadway, the Standard, the Union Square, Music Hall and the Lenox Lyceum. Yet New York holds up her hands in holy horror at Chicago and St. Louis.

SCANLAN'S INSANITY.

W. J. Scanlan has paresis and catarrh of the stomach. It is almost certain that the bright-faced, bright-eyed comedian, everybody's favorite, will never act again. That is what his physician, Dr. Hamilton, says.

The Fourteenth Street Theatre was closed on Christmas night. Scanlan was confined to his room at the Imperial Hotel. His wife and Augustus Pitou, his manager, were with him. Scanlan declared that he was perfectly able to go on and play his part, but the doctor and Mr. Pitou knew better.

It was known at the beginning of the season by those on the inside that Scanlan was in poor physical and mental condition. He forgot his lines frequently, became dazed, and of late he has had hallucinations. He thought that people in the audience were saying his lines ahead of him, and he wanted business manager Isaac Newton to employ detectives to put them out. He thought that hot irons were being applied to his back. He had other strange delusions.

On Christmas eve Scanlan made a little speech before the curtain. He said:

"People have been saying that there is something the matter with my head. My head is all right—so is my heart—it's my stomach has gone back on me." He would have said more, but Mr. Pitou called to him to come off.

Isaac Newton, Scanlan's business manager, said to a Mirror reporter on Christmas eve:

"Scanlan is a very sick man. He can hold very little food on his stomach. He swallows a little boiled milk, and I give him his medicine every hour. But he is playing his part all right, as you will see by going inside."

Mr. Pitou said to a Mirror reporter at the Imperial on Saturday: "Scanlan is upstairs in his room with his wife. He talks as rationally as any man. But the fact remains that he is completely broken down. I have deemed it advisable to close the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and I have canceled dates. I do not know how soon Scanlan will be better. The doctors only say that he needs complete rest. I shall take him to my house on Ninety-fifth Street. It is likely, though, that he will be sent to some quiet place, such as Lakewood, N. J., where he will be away from all associates and associations."

Scanlan's appearance on the stage this season was not so much in order to make money as to keep him busy. The doctor said that it would only make the actor more depressed to take him off. On Christmas Day, however, it was found to be imperative to confine him to his room.

A professional nurse has been secured. Scanlan objected to this and to the closing of the theatre. Mr. Pitou made believe that the house was closed because of poor business. The nurse, said Mr. Pitou, was engaged to administer massage treatment.

Isaac Newton, Scanlan's business manager, said to a Mirror reporter late yesterday (Monday) afternoon: "I have just sent a telegram to Scanlan's uncle, W. H. Hynes, in Chicago, to come right on to the comedian's bedside. Here is a telegram sent from Mr. Pitou's house, where Scanlan is, it says that the comedian is now quiet but very weak. He is not improving; he is growing rapidly worse. I do not think that he can live any longer than two weeks. He may die at any moment. His brain is softening and becoming inflated. At times he is violent. It is the saddest case I ever heard of. I dismissed the company a few hours ago."

Robt. Mantell, who was an old friend of Scanlan, having been under the same manager, Augustus Pitou, for five years, was told the sad story by a Mirror reporter.

"I know Scanlan was not well," said Mantell, "but the crisis has come with terrific suddenness. I am completely unnerved. He was a splendid fellow, and many's the good times we have had while visiting Augustus Pitou at his Summer residence." All actors and managers had good words for the unfortunate comedian.

Scanlan was about thirty-four years old. He was born in Springfield, Mass. He was of Irish descent. He was a clerk until fourteen years old. Then he appeared at temperance meetings, singing and speaking. He came to New York and appeared in specialties with Tim Cronin, the female impersonator, at Harry Hill's and other resorts. Scanlan's first appearance in a play was in Friend and Foe, in Bartley Campbell's company. After that he was under the management of W. H. Power.

Since he has starred he has appeared in Fred Marsden's The Irish Minstrel and Shane-na-Lawn, and in Townsend and Jessop's Myles Aaron and Mavourneen.

For seven years he has been under the management of Mr. Pitou. He had a ten years' contract to act under Mr. Pitou's management. He was one of the best money makers on the road, and was the pecuniary bed-rock on which Mr. Pitou has established himself.

NOW SEND IN YOUR NAMES!

The Actors' Fund Fair will have a very long and very distinguished list of patrons. It is thought that President and Mrs. Harrison will head the list.

If they consent to this they will be in excellent company, for among those that have already consented to act as patrons are Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Vice-President Levi P. Morton, Senator Frank Hitchcock, Edwin Booth, Governor David B. Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gould.

Director-General De Frece writes: "Will you please say that I request every lady in the profession that wishes in any way whatsoever to be identified with the Actors' Fund Fair, to communicate at the earliest possible moment with me, as I intend, immediately after New Year's, to call a meeting of all the ladies of the profession for the inauguration

of the enterprise." Mr. De Frece's address is the Actors' Fund Building, 12 West Twenty-eighth Street. It is to be hoped that this notification will be sufficient to cause a large number of actresses to enroll their names.

Probably within the next fortnight the meeting of the women of the profession, referred to by Mr. De Frece, will be held in one of the large up-town theatres.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 27, 1911.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror.

SIR.—I am sorry to be called upon again for the explanation as to the stand I am taking in the Actors' Fair Fund to be held at the Madison Square Garden in May.

In your "Usher" column, this week, it appears that the Editor of this column is not satisfied with my statement which I made to him through the columns of your paper, and he puts another query. He says: "And he yet agrees with Manager Sanger that the Fair without ladies could not succeed. That seems to be a true contradiction."

I intended to convey the idea that ladies were all-important to the success of the Fair, yet I doubted if the Fair could get a sufficient number of professional ladies to take charge of the counters and booths. Then again, I see another obstacle in the way. I quote from the Mirror of this morning, Dec. 27, so you can see that I am not alone in my objections to putting the ladies of the profession in the booths of the Fair. The Mirror says: "The objection to the conservative publicity lies in the proposition to have every theatre represented in the Fair by a special booth, over which it is proposed to have the actresses of that theatre preside. This will bring the women of the dramatic profession in direct contact with the army of men about town and hotel hangers-on, who are apt to boast of their acquaintance with actresses and who are the least desirable acquaintance in the world. Women of assured position on the stage are extremely cautious about making acquaintances of this order, and many of them are jealous of intrusions into their private life. They are willing to be in the eye of the public so far as stage performances are concerned, but their objection to publicity of the stage are sincere and insurmountable."

I also see in one of our weekly papers, objections similar to those expressed above. I also quote the opinion of one of our leading lady stars, Marie Wainwright, in an interview published in the New York Herald Sept. 24. Miss Wainwright, in an interview, expressed the following opinion: "I am a very nice girl, don't you know? It will also give these young men an opportunity to run up to you in the street and claim acquaintance. I like the Actor's Fund—believe in it—and would do as much as anybody for its success; but asking them to preside at the booths, I think is simply cheapening them."

I don't think it would be right to bring the actresses into such close contact with the public. I am much opposed to it. Such a thing would give an opportunity to a large number of young men to speak to you and then go around to their acquaintances and companions and say: "I met Miss So-and-so, the actress, and she is a very nice girl, don't you know?" It will also give these young men an opportunity to run up to you in the street and claim acquaintance. I like the Actor's Fund—believe in it—and would do as much as anybody for its success; but asking them to preside at the booths, I think is simply cheapening them."

Now, to reply direct to "Usher" in regard to Cora Tanner and members of her company, who are under my management, as to giving their services at the Fair, I will inform Mr. "Usher" that Cora Tanner will be several hundred miles from New York, attending to her professional duties. Would he have her bring her to New York, close her season, and leave her professional duties for the purposes of attending the Fair? I think that is asking too much, and you will find many ladies of the profession similarly situated, being so engaged that it would be impossible for them to give up their duties and attend.

I feel confident, and here repeat what I wrote you last week, that there would be more money raised for the good cause by giving a series of benefits in the principal cities of the United States, but I doubt the financial success of such a large undertaking as this proposed Fair. But I am not inflexible, and I sincerely hope I am mistaken. I feel sure that I can do something in a financial way for the Fair by benefits, but I doubt if my services would be of as much value to the Fair otherwise.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am a very busy man, and I hope "The Usher" will let me rest on the Actors' Fair question, as it may appear to some that I am trying to advertise myself through this medium, but I assure you it is the farthest from my thoughts. Yet, at the same time, I do not retract nor see the reason why I should change the stand I have taken since the first preliminary meeting.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM E. SISK.

OBITUARY.

John Madison Morton, the veteran playwright, died in the London Charter House, on Dec. 19. Madison Morton, who was widely known as the author of the famous farce, Rox and Cox, was born in 1801, and first made his reputation as a writer of farce-comedies. His work was superior to any of the farce-comedy writers of to-day, and his wit and quaint phrases have become proverbial. His most successful plays were suggested by the French, but it was acknowledged by all his critics that Morton invariably improved on his prototypes. Among his best known works are: Lend Me Five Shillings, Aunt Charlotte's Maid, and Woodcock's Little Game. The latter play was made famous in this country by Lester Wallack. For the past ten years Madison Morton has lived in penury—an inmate of an English charitable institution.

The death of Albert Wolff removes one of the most prominent members of literary Paris. Few men have made greater reputations in journalism proper than Albert Wolff. He excelled chiefly as a writer on art, although at the death of Auguste Vitu he was given the critical chair of the *Figaro*. M. Wolff was born in Cologne in 1835. He was a warm admirer of Heine as a boy and, inflamed by the poet's descriptions of Paris, he resolved to become a Parisian. He arrived in Paris somewhere in the sixties, and became private secretary to the elder Dumas. Later, he was invited to write for the *Figaro*, and from that time his future was assured. His success was phenomenal, and his writings were eagerly read by the public. As a *chroniqueur* Wolff had few equals. Although writing in a foreign tongue, he had a graphic and caustic style that won the public. He was associated with several newspapers, but his best work has been given to the *Figaro*. His articles on each year's *salon* were widely read, and, although the artists pretended to despise his criticisms, no critic was more dreaded by them. M. Wolff made several fortunes which he lost at the gaming table. He was considered the homeliest man in Paris, and possessed a valuable collection of rare pictures. As a dramatic critic Wolff was obscure and tedious.

Henry de la Pommeraye, the French critic, whose death is announced from Paris, was born in 1853. He was for many years professor of dramatic art at the National Conservatoire, and acquired considerable reputation as a dramatic critic.

Edgar Seligson is in the city. He has just completed his Irish comedy called, A Scandal in High Life, and William Barry. It may have a run at the Theatre in the Spring.

BRAIN OR BRAUN?

If I rightly apprehend, Miss Marie Prescott, in her article headed, "Voice," in a late number of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, would have us believe that to be a great actor, it is necessary to be only a great vocal gymnast.

Herein I can hardly be in error, for in one paragraph Miss Prescott says: "There never has been a great actor who did not possess a great voice." In another paragraph she says:

"All the great actors are those whose voices have thundered out great passions, and made insignificant the brilliant twinkle of the little stars, with the ocean-like roar of their majestic waves." Again she says: "If an actor's voice is limited, or defective, he can never be great. Therefore, I argue that the most important requisite for greatness in an actor is voice. What special quality at once distinguishes the actor, and stamps him among his fellows as their superior? Voice."

Now I don't come anywhere near thinking as Miss Prescott does in this matter. I think that the thing of most worth to an actor is not a big voice—a thing that comes of having a well-formed larynx and well-developed and well-trained muscles—but a big dramatic intelligence.

History tells the truth, a majority of the actors that have secured a place in the annals of the stage had voices that were very far from being of the sort that make "insignificant the brilliant twinkle of the little stars with the ocean-like roar of their majestic waves."

Macready was accounted England's greatest actor after the death of Edmund Kean, yet his voice was, I have always heard, most defective and far from being powerful. As for Edmund Kean, the actor that has the first place in the history of the English stage, he had a very undesirable voice, the lower register excepted. The voice of the elder Booth, according to all accounts, was remarkable neither for quantity nor for quality, and his distinguished son Edwin—has he a very powerful voice? I have never thought so. Some of his contemporaries certainly have bigger voices than he. Mr. Edmund Collier, for example. And yet, I have ever been of the opinion in common with many others, that Mr. Booth is the greater actor of the two. And then there is England's most famous living actor, Mr. Henry Irving—Le certainly has not a voice that can do much thundering or much startling with its ocean-like roar.

The fact is, about the most offensive creature we can encounter on the stage is a fellow that has a big voice with little intelligence behind it.

A great voice is the product of brawn, great acting is the product of brain.

Brawn has never yet put earnestness into the utterance, and earnestness is the thing that makes amends for more shortcomings in the actor than does anything else. How often do the big voices we hear sound as though they came out of the top of the head!

We don't go to the theatre to be thundered at, we go to have what the author imagined made clear to us, a task too difficult for any voice-making apparatus, no matter how powerful and perfect it may be.

"The public and critics," says Miss Prescott, "now go to see and not to hear, and they are not going to be shocked or offended by hearing too distinctly."

Tut! tut! and tut again! There is not a man, woman or child that goes to the theatre nowadays that is not just as desirous to hear, or rather to understand, as were the theatre-goers of any other days, but it is not the big voice that makes the auditor understand, it's the management of the voice and the clearness of the articulation. How frequently is it the case that those actors that use the least voice are most distinctly understood. Three or four seasons ago Miss Coghlan had an actor named Macdonald, now dead, in her company. He was a fragile man, and had less voice than any other member of Miss Coghlan's company, yet it was always easier to understand him than it was to understand any of his colleagues, though there were two or three of them that, according to Miss Prescott, were plentifully blessed with the first essential of greatness. Listen to Mr. Jefferson and to Mrs. Fawcett; notice how little they exert themselves and yet how much more distinct they are than are the people around them. The reason is simply because they know how to speak, how to manage the voice.

"Forrest," Miss Prescott says, "was the last man who was vulgar enough to lift up his great lungs and disturb the public ear. Mr. Forrest never, certainly in his later years, 'disturbed the public ear.' Mr. Forrest had a wonderful voice, the most wonderful I have ever heard, but it was not his wonderful voice that made him the great actor he was; it was his wonderful intelligence, his extraordinary scholarship—I mean that kind of scholarship that appears in the delivery. I do not believe that Mr. Forrest's superior as a reader of Shakespeare has ever lived. He was precision itself. There is never but one best way to utter a sentence. That best way Mr. Forrest seemed always to have found. If there is any one that thinks he found this best way without careful study, let him disabuse his mind of the thought. No man ever read well without taking great pains."

Voice is a most desirable thing to have, but an indifferent voice with intelligence behind it is a vastly more desirable thing to have than is a great voice with no more intelligence behind it than Miss Prescott seems to think is necessary in order to enable one to clutch and to hang on to the topmost rung of the histrionic ladder.

Miss Prescott thinks Mr. Forrest would not dare to play Othello and Lear now, were he alive, as he did twenty years ago. Nonsense. Mr. Forrest's way of playing was the way for all time. If he could come back to us and play Lear as he did when he played it in New York twenty years ago, there is not a theatre in the city that would be big enough to hold those that would want to see him.

ALFRED AYRES.

THE DARK SIDE.

Our Cleveland, Ohio, correspondent reports that A Mile a Minute, after a week's poor business, closed there on Dec. 14.

Our correspondent at Bellefontaine, Ohio, writes that the Across the Atlantic company, which played there Dec. 9, under the management of C. A. Bishop, went to pieces at DeGraff, a small village West of Bellefontaine. The company was left stranded, with salary in arrears, but through the kindness of Manager Hutchings they were enabled to reach Columbus.

The Devoys and Smiley Vanderlides have had considerable trouble of late. It has closed, but will probably reorganize and go out again next week, with some new people in the cast.

The Alone in London company, with De Shetley as the star, closed an unprosperous season last week.

The May Henderson Indian Princess company is reported to be in the throes of death.

Charles Shackford's latest smash-up was at Columbus, O. Last week, where he left an entire opera company of twenty-four people stranded without thanks. This is an old story with Shackford. Several of the actors walked into the Rialto. They report Shackford's treatment as brutal.

THE AMATEURS.

The Amaranth Society presented Aunt Jack at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Wednesday, December 13, with highly creditable results considering the difficulties of the undertaking. At the same time the presentation was not up to the standard of the society which, in its last five or six performances, has gone beyond mere amateur excellence.

Comparisons are odious, but they are inevitable when a company of distinguished amateurs tread in the footsteps of distinguished professionals. The faults that disgraced the production were not colossal, but they served to mar it, and place it below the standard of Amaranth productions. For instance, there are four or five very bright speeches in Aunt Jack that in the professional production never failed to create laughter. On last Wednesday night they were slurred and fell flat. Some of the cast alluded to the energetic spinster as "Aunt" Jack, while others defied consistency, and called her "Ant" Jack.

The first and second acts were better played than the court-room scene, which was jerky and toward the close incoherent.

Mr. Meafay made a funny Brue, and Mr. Harris began very well as Colonel Tavenor, but in the last act he merely "stayed" and did no acting at all. S. G. Acton made Julius more lack-lustre than he should be, but he was energetic and painstaking. These three characterizations were the best of the evening.

Miss Hyde's personality was not suited to the part of Aunt Jack, and her voice was pitched painfully high throughout the evening. She deserved credit, however, for her earnest efforts. Miss Elsie Lums was a trifle too boisterous as the Chicago widow.

K. M.

MATTERS OF FACT.

Helen Blythe will begin a tour on January 23, appearing in a new comedy drama, entitled The Wide, Wide World. Alexander McLean is the manager of the company, which will include some well-known and competent players.

The dramatic editor of a prominent daily paper advertises in this issue for a backer to assume control of a musical comedy, and adds "it isn't a variety farce."

Bert Coote and his wife, Julie Kingsley, have been engaged by Frank Daniels for his comedy company.

Clay Clement, who has starred in the West for several seasons, is about to undertake a tour of the South and the Pacific slope, under the management of T. F. Bonneau. The principal play in the repertoire will be The Bells.

Prof. D. M. Bristol's Equus-Curriculum is this season more successful than ever. This is the eighth consecutive year that this attraction has been before the public, and its popularity does not appear to have waned in the least.

Adelaide Randall, soprano, who sang in a repertoire of opera with her own company during the Summer season, is at present at liberty.

Alexander Kearney is very successfully playing the role of Jack Walton in Master and Man this season. The New York critics speak highly of his work.

Henri Lynn, as Dr. Seth Swoop, is one of the successful features of the Country Circus cast.

ELISE ELLISON, recently in ordinary to Charles Frohman's company, was called to Boston on a minute's notice week before last to act Johnstone Bennett's part in Jane, "Johnny" being ill. It was on a Friday night, and Miss Ellison copied to perfection every action, gesture, and bit of business originated by Miss Bennett. There were even some in the audience that said the understudy was funnier than—but, at any rate, Miss Bennett came to the matinee to see her understudy act. It is reported that, at the end of the performance, Miss Bennett said, with emphasis, "I'll play Jane to-night, anyway." Which is to be taken as a direct compliment to Miss Ellison.

Handsomely furnished rooms, with bath if preferred, special terms to members of companies playing at the combination houses. Breakfasts at desired. East 23rd Street.

THE NEW YORK
DRAMATIC MIRROR.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY HARRISON GREY FISKE.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

REJOICE THEATRE—New City Theatre, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
BROADWAY THEATRE—The Lion Tamer, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
CANTO—The Tyrolean, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
HARRIGAN'S THEATRE—The Junior Partners, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
HARRIGAN'S THEATRE—The Last of the Days, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
JACOBI THEATRE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
KOSTER AND HEALS—Variety and Burlesque, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
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PROCTOR'S—The Last of the Days, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
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PALMER'S THEATRE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
STAR THEATRE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
STANDARD THEATRE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
TONY PATTON'S—Variety, 1015 N. W. 4th St.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE—The Power of the Press, 1015 N. W. 4th St.

THE MIRROR office is open every
Monday night for the reception of
advertisements. Advertising copy
is taken until 10:30 P. M. Advertisements
may be sent from out-of-town
by telegraph.

THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

DEVELOPMENTS in the "Encyclopedia
Britannica" litigation show that the
Office of the Librarian of Congress at Wash-
ington requires investigating and overhau-
ling.

Dramatic authors and publishers also have
a long-standing grievance against Mr. SPOFFORD, or against the system which Mr. SPOFFORD
represents. The inefficiency of his
clerical force or the superfluity of red-tape in
the Librarian's department—whichever it
may be—causes unwarranted and vexatious
delays in transacting the business connected
with copyright entries.

When the title of a play is sent to Mr.
SPOFFORD for entry it usually takes from
three to five weeks for the sender to secure a
receipt and certificate of entry. Inquiries
respecting the fate of overdue certificates are
treated with silence. Apparently it is not the
Librarian's policy or view of his duties to
burden himself or his assistants with corre-
spondence.

It stands to reason that with proper man-
agement the business of the copyright de-
partment would not be a month behind. At
the longest, not more than one week should
be needed to enter a title and issue the cer-
tificate of entry. And that period ought to
be the limit allowed the Librarian by Con-
gress.

It is possible that Mr. SPOFFORD is not alto-
gether to blame. We are informed that the
force at his disposal is small, and not particu-
larly competent. We are also told that no
provision is made for lighting the Librarian's
Office in the Capitol, and consequently there
must be a cessation of the work when dark-
ness falls.

Whatever the cause of the trouble it ought
to be remedied. The business of the office
should be conducted promptly; provision
should be made whereby in payment of a
suitable fee searches could be undertaken

when titles were in doubt, and the dramatic
titles and works in the Office should be separ-
ated from the literary products, and cata-
logued and indexed for ready reference.

INDEPENDENT THEATRES

Our brethren of the English stage are
fortunate in having for leader and
spokesman an actor with the ability, the tact
and the *verve* of HENRY IRVING. On
all occasions when the sentiments and con-
victions of the profession demand expression
Mr. IRVING can be relied on to utter them
with vigor, path and eloquence.

Mr. IRVING's latest speech was made at a
banquet in Glasgow and the subject dis-
cussed was the Independent Theatre scheme,
now in the experimental stage in London. In
view of premonitory symptoms of similar out-
breaks in New York and Boston, Mr. IRVING's
remarks possess an international interest.

Among other things Mr. IRVING said: "We
are told that their venture is to spread new
ideas, which will upset all our old conven-
tions. They call this the Independent The-
atre. Now, gentlemen, what is this theatre
independent of? It cannot be of actors, for
its management tries to get the best actors
who will play such pieces as they produce.
It cannot be of the public, for already, after
only a couple of performances, they are send-
ing round the hat. It cannot be of publicity,
for there is at the present time no regular
theatre in London which is better advertised
by every variety of the wily paragraph. It
cannot be of a manager, for it has as a man-
ager a worthy gentleman, who so inveighed
against the pernicious system of theatres be-
ing managed by managers that he became a
manager himself. So far as I can see, the
only things of which this histrionic departure
is independent are, firstly, that modesty,
which is an accompaniment, if not an integral
part, of all true art; and secondly, good taste,
or any taste at all, in selecting plays."

We agree heartily with Mr. IRVING, and
also with our esteemed contemporary, the
Spirit of the Times, that literary men know
less about playwriting, managing and acting
than do dramatists, managers, and actors,
and we subscribe to the *Spirit's* statement
that we might as hopefully invite literary
men to become practical journalists or artists
or horse-breeders and expect them to excel
men trained to those pursuits, as to invite
them to rehabilitate stage art through the
medium of an Independent Theatre.

A GLIMPSE

A RECENT issue of the Chicago *Inter-
Ocean* contained the following inform-
ing paragraph:

It surely is an evidence of the development of
dramatic art when the office of dramatic critic is
united the dignity of doing press work for dime
museums. There are two daily papers published
in Chicago that can boast this singular distinction,
and the voice of honor-spreading rumor is already
beginning to herald their praises to the ear of fame,
and post their virtues where he who runs may read.

Although we have learned a good deal
from the World's Fair City it is evident that
we have not learned all it can teach. Occa-
sional insights into its marvellous internal
economy, like that furnished by the *Inter-
Ocean's* paragraph, help to prepare the out-
side world for the wonders in store when the
Columbian Exposition is open and ready for
visitors.

MANAGERIAL FEDERATION.

OUR article of last week, proposing the
formation of a national association of
theatre managers, and pointing out the many
advantages to be derived from such an or-
ganization, has been widely quoted and gen-
erally endorsed by the press. Indeed, the
plan seems to meet only with hearty appro-
bation from that quarter.

If theatre managers are wise they will give
careful attention to this subject, for it is one
that deeply concerns not simply their in-
dividual interests but the prosperity of all
persons connected with the theatrical busi-
ness.

The need of such an association as we out-
lined is felt and acknowledged. What is re-
quired now is active and general co-operation
to establish the organization upon a firm,
broad basis.

FROHMAN.—Charles Frohman has gone to
Boston to attend to the final details of or-
ganizing his permanent stock company at the
Columbia.

PERSONAL.

EVESON.—Isabel Evesson suffered all last
week from an attack of the grip, but she
pluckily played her part in *The Man With
One Hundred Heads* in Boston.

SHANNON.—Lavinia Shannon, who is play-
ing the part of the prima donna in *The
Power of the Press* at the Grand Opera
House, this week, has received praise from
many newspapers in Boston, Philadelphia,
Washington and other cities for her acting,
her costumes and her comeliness. Miss
Shannon has a long engagement this season.
The tour of *The Power of the Press* will not
close until July next.

HEEGE.—Gus Heege was the originator of
the Scandinavian dialect drama. He wrote
Ole Olson, as well as *Von Yonson*, in which
he is now appearing successfully.

PAUL.—Howard Paul furnishes weekly an
interesting and sprightly column of Ameri-
can Notes to the *Illustrated London News*.
When he advertises therein to dramatic matters
on this side, Mr. Paul frequently quotes from
THE MIRROR. And he it said that he never
fails to give due credit.

SYKES.—Nita Sykes, who is acting the
small part of Fannie Spenser in support of
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in *That Girl from
Mexico*, is a daughter of one of the brave
generals of the civil war. General Sherman
and Porter advised her to adopt the stage.
She has played with several prominent com-
panies. Miss Sykes has an agreeable voice,
a refined appearance, and her acting is sym-
pathetic.

BINDLEY.—The Dittmar Brothers, man-
agers of *The Pay Train*, gave an informal
supper to Florence Bindley after the perform-
ance at the Empire Theatre, Philadelphia.

PRICE.—E. D. Price has been ill at the
Gerlach. Threatened with pneumonia, he
succeeded in fighting off that dangerous
malady.

FREEMAN.—Max Freeman's dismissal by
Rudolph Aronson has not created gloom in
the ranks of the Casino chorus.

POTTER.—Jennie O'Neill Potter gave her
monologue, "Flirts and Matrons," at Lake-
wood, N. J., last Saturday night. She is to
deliver it on three consecutive afternoons at
the Madison Square Theatre, beginning to-
day (Tuesday).

BEAT.—Mabel Bert has joined Abbott and
Teal's Kibbe company, and is playing the
part of Mrs. Dunn.

WEBBER.—E. T. Webber has recovered
from his serious illness, and returned to the
city. Mr. Webber is strong enough to accept
an engagement if one offers.

MORGAN.—Reginald Morgan painted the
scenery for *Lady Bountiful*, at the Lyceum,
and he is now at work on the sets for the new
play. He is rapidly making a name for him-
self among metropolitan scenic artists.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell occupied a box
at the Wednesday matinee at Harrigan's.
She was accompanied by T. Henry French.

PRINCE.—Adelaide Prince will play the
principal part in Pinero's *The Cabinet Min-
ister*, to be produced at Daly's Theatre
shortly. Ada Rehan will be part of the
cast.

MATTHEWS.—John Matthews is bustling
about town these days, on charitable mis-
sions bent. His duties as visitor among the
sick in the care of the Actors' Fund occupy
every minute of his time, and his cheery ad-
vent in hospitals and sick-rooms is better
than sunshine to the patients.

KENDAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will make
a California tour before they end their pres-
ent season. They will play at San Fran-
cisco in May.

DE LOEROT.—Richard de Loerot, better
known as the Marquis du Croisic, has issued
invitations to his friends to inspect the new
Hotel de Loerot, at Fifth Avenue and
Eighteenth Street, this evening. The house
has been modeled for a select family hotel.

MARIUS.—It is reported that Marius, whose
litigation has recently occupied public atten-
tion, will come to America, next season, as
stage manager for Mrs. Bernard Beere.

PALMER.—A. M. Palmer has moved into
his new private offices at 20 West Thirtieth
Street.

PAGES.—The two little colored boys who,
as the pages of *The Merry Monarch*, made a
hit at the Broadway, received many presents
from Francis Wilson and company. Mr.
Wilson is their guardian, and sends them to
school in the daytime.

EMMETT.—Manager Williams reports large
business for Katie Emmett, and promises a
fine production of her play when it comes to
New York early in the New Year.

KLEIN.—That intelligent actress, Lulu
Klein (Mrs. Albert Bruning), was called upon
at an hour's notice on Monday night of last
week, to play a part in *The Corsican Brothers*
in support of Robert Mantell. She was equal
to the emergency.

MARSHY.—Elisabeth Marbury went to
Philadelphia, on Saturday, for a brief visit.

CHASE.—F. E. Chase, the Boston dramatic
writer, better known by his pen name, "The
Man Who Laughs," has been ill with the
grip.

COOKE.—James V. Cooke, late of Madame
Modjeska's business staff, writes from In-
dianapolis that his mother is rapidly improv-
ing in health, and that his grip complications
have disappeared. He is anxious to return
to work again.

MCCARTHY.—Charles McCarthy, the new
Irish female impersonator of Edward Harri-
gan's company, conceals his identity per-
fectly. Many of the audience think that he
is a woman.

BARRY.—John D. Barry, a dramatic critic,
and the editor of "The Hurly Burly" de-
partment in the *Evening Telegram*, has con-
tributed a discriminating article on Mary An-
derson to "Actors on the American Stage."

SIDDONS.—Mrs. Scott Siddons will open
her tour at Kingston, N. Y., under the man-
agement of Harry Saint Maur. Mr. Saint

Maur says that he has secured unusually
fine terms.

HAMPTON.—May Hampton, a young actress
who has been creating a favorable impression
by her sympathetic acting in *The Merchant*,
Jack Royal of the Grand, and one of two other
plays, will be a member of the Columbia
stock company, Boston.

VANCE.—Elmer E. Vance called at the
Mirror's office yesterday. He says that he
expects to have an uphill fight at first at
Nablos, but he feels confident that with the
proper grade of attractions the old prosperity
of the house can be restored.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MISS STERLING TURNS THE LIGHT ON JOHN F.
PALMER.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., Dec. 28, 1911.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:
SIR.—A friend has just informed me that in your
paper, issued Nov. 25, you printed a telegram from
John F. Palmer, in which he stated that your cor-
respondents at Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus,
Ga., had misrepresented the condition of his com-
pany at the time of my withdrawal, and that "he
had dismissed me and paid my fare to New York."

It has doubtless seemed strange to my professional
friends that this item has passed unnoticed by me
for now nearly three weeks, but the reason for it
has been that one issue of your paper is the
only one I have not been able to get in several
weeks. Knowing full well Mr. Palmer's disposition,
I expected and looked for some outbreak from him,
and my supposition has proved correct. I cannot
now fully reply to his telegram, being unacquainted
with the text of it, but believing the gist of his re-
marks to be "that I was dismissed for incompetency,"
I would be glad to make answer through
your columns as publicly as he has spoken.

I joined Mr. Palmer at Alexandria, Va., and
played the leading part at less than two days' no-
tice, and with only one rehearsal. At the end of a
week he voluntarily stated to me that I was proving
"very satisfactory." I thanked him, but asked him
why he had not released me from my contract.
He replied that "he had had so many incompetent pro-
ducers whom he had wasted rehearsals that he had grown
tired of it, and he had, therefore, concluded to let
me alone and see whether I had intelligence enough
to work the part out myself." This, in itself, shows
the mental mould of the man, and I comment, there-
fore, is unnecessary.

The company drifted along, playing, with here
and there an exception, to very poor business and
in consequence the various members of it were ex-
tremely short of funds. I think it would be difficult
to get together another such company of people as
this one that supported Mr. Palmer, but his per-
sonal conduct was such as to alienate every one of
them, and when we reached Atlanta it culminated
in his being thrashed by a stage hand at the Edge-
wood Theatre, who did not take his bullying as
meekly as the company and other stage hands had
previously done. At Atlanta two attachments were
taken out on the scenery and as I had received no
salary since I had left New York, I thought it was
time to do for myself, and therefore I left. Mr.
W. M. Bray, attorney, who acted as my legal
adviser. Following his advice, I declined to go on
at the matinee unless he (Mr. Palmer) paid me my
salary and guaranteed to keep his contract in other
respects. His pitiful expressions in Mr. Bray's
office moved me, however. I was really sorry for
his wife and baby, and I consented to go on, un-
til we finished the Montgomery engagement, be-
giving me an order on the box office for a sum
agreed upon in Mr. Bray's presence, although the
latter told me I had been less generous he could
have made a better settlement.

After the night's performance the aforemen-
tioned attachments were served, and the lead-
ing gentlemen refused to go further. Indeed,
for an hour it was a question whether any one could
proceed, owing to the scenery being tied up, but
Mr. Palmer's pleadings softening the hearts of the
two gentlemen who held the attachments, they were
allowed to proceed. It seemed such a jolly lot for
people to produce *The Last Days of Pompeii* that I
declined at first to go, as I agreed to Montgomery,
but I did so finally, and on arriving there I did all in
my power to make the trip successful. I even
"doubled" a man's part (the only part I could do
besides my own) in order not to cut the piece too
much, and received most abject and humble thanks
from Mr. Palmer on that account.

By my going to Montgomery with him and so en-
abling him to play, he left that place several hun-
dred dollars in pocket, for we played to a very
large house the first night there. Further than
this, I was better than my word, for I went on to
Columbus, Ga., where, as your correspondent
truthfully says, we outraged an intelligent public
by putting on a piece that called for fifteen people,
with only five in the cast, the property man play-
ing one of the leading parts, and all parts under the
circumstances being poorly rendered. It was only
just that not only your correspondent but the local
press should have given me a most scathing
criticism. It was because of this that I positively
declined to go further, although Mr. Palmer did all
he could, notwithstanding my "incompetency," to
retain me, even offering me \$50 per night if I would
play in Selma, Ala. I left him at Columbus and
was engaged within two days by another manager
who had seen me play in Mr. Palmer's production.

I am ambitious, and love my profession, and it
will not be my fault if I do not progress in it. I am
not ashamed of my record while with Mr. Palmer.
The newspapers and audiences, too, treated me
kindly, and if an adverse criticism on my work ap-
peared anywhere I have not seen or heard of it.
On the contrary I have in my possession many
pleasant ones, and while I think it highly improb-
able that Mr. Palmer can ever successfully appear
over the same route again, I have had dates offered
me if I carried out certain plans I have enter-
tained for the Spring of '12. This much I say in
answer to his charge of incompetency.

My statements throughout can be thoroughly
verified and abundantly corroborated. I have no de-
sire to enter into public discussion of my own, or
anyone's affairs, and have therefore said as little as
I could and yet explain the affair to those of my
professional friends who have not heard of it
through private channels. Thanking you for your
many courtesies, I remain, very sincerely,

ADAM STERLING.

MISS MARBURY'S SYMPATHY APPRECIATED.

MONTREAL, Dec. 28, 1911.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR.—At the risk of being considered wanting in
gallantry, truth compels me to admit that "con-
siderable interest" in Miss Elisabeth Marbury's be-
half did not prompt me to write the letter which
appeared in your issue of Dec. 25, and which she
seems to have so totally misunderstood.

My grievance is the common grievance of every
lover of true dramatic art. The ascendancy of the
monetary over the artistic element, which makes it
impossible for a woman possessed of little dramatic
ability, not only to step direct from the ranks of
the amateur stage into the position of leading lady
in a presumably first class company, but to remain
there, buoyed upon the ebbing tide of popular ap-
proval, by the skillful manipulation of the vast ma-
jority of the press throughout the country.

Miss Marbury, evidently being in sympathy with
the monetary element, naturally failed to compre-
hend my motives; she is in doubt whether the
squandered dollar or residence in a city where the
dramatic critics are so unreliable and misleading,
caused me to write in such a spirit of annoyance
and discontent.

It is to enlighten her that I have written the
above explanation, for which I beg a small space in
your valuable columns. If she feels so disposed,
she may exercise her satirical powers on me with
impunity, safe in the knowledge that I will not
again reply, knowing that the purely personal turn
the correspondence has taken, through no fault of
mine, robs it of any interest it may have aroused in
the readers of *THE MIRROR*.

In conclusion, I gratefully acknowledge the "re-
spectful sympathy" tendered me; it is bestowed
upon a worthy object. Any one who has suffered
the infliction of Miss De Wolfe's Fabienne is in a
position to appreciate all the sympathy offered.

Yours truly,

LOGAN FULLER.

THE USHER.



Mr. L. I. B. Lincoln, whose class in the higher criticism of the current drama developed the critical powers of many intelligent playgoers the past two seasons, is about to launch a novel enterprise.

Mr. Lincoln will edit a monthly magazine called *Usher* during the next five months. The peculiarity of the magazine is that it will not be printed but will be read to subscribers only. The articles will be short. The authors will read them. There will be no advertisements.

Among the contributors will be George W. Cable, E. C. Stedman, Clyde Fitch, Hamilton Mabie, Richard Henry Stoddard, and other well known men.

The subscription for the five months is five dollars. The list is nearly full. The first number will be read on the second Sunday evening in January. It presents a notable table of contents.

It is an advantage to have the last word, even in an autograph album. Turning the leaves of one of these books in Boston the other day I ran across this quotation and signature—

"A Poor Play," CHARLES A. STEVENSON.
Beneath it was written—
"Charlie is right," MAX FREEMAN.
Under Freeman's name were the words—
"I agree with Mr. Freeman," RUDOLPH ARONSON.

In the present state of Aronson's feelings, Stevenson ought to send for that autograph book and get even by an addendum.

The sales of the Christmas *Mirror* have exceeded those of any previous year, and the latest edition ever printed has been practically sold out. The mail orders have doubled this year. The quantity set apart to fill them was exhausted at the beginning of last week. Since then it has been necessary to make three separate requisitions upon the American News Company for copies in order to supply the orders received by post.

The success of the Christmas *Mirror* is phenomenal, especially when it is considered that this has been the worst year for general holiday publications on record.

The agent in charge of the stand at the Grand Central Station told me the other day that his sales of *Mirror* had been larger than ever, but the general sales of Christmas publications had been unprecedentedly bad.

"Up to this time last year," said he, "our Christmas sales at this stand ran over \$2,000. This year they have not yet exceeded \$1,200. I do not attribute the falling off to bad times. I think it is because there is such a deluge of Christmas numbers—many of them tawdry and trashy—in the field. People get surfeited with them."

The chief reason why our Christmas number has enjoyed increased prosperity in this year's glutted market is simply because it has secured the confidence and support of the public during twelve years of special holiday achievements. It has succeeded in making each Christmas issue an improvement over the last. It was one of the first journals in this country, moreover, to adopt the European custom of issuing a large Christmas annual.

There are Christmas numbers and Christmas numbers. There are those that charge fifty cents for twenty-five cents' worth of cheap pictures, gaudy printing and trashy reading matter. There are those that are gotten out solely as advertising swindles, taking advertisements for anything they can get, and printing a small edition, seventy-five per cent. of which is returned unsold.

The Christmas *Mirror* gives fifty cents' worth of artistic pictures and good reading for twenty-five cents. Its advertisers receive the benefits of an unrivaled circulation. Each year the entire edition is practically sold out. And there's the difference.

Milton Nobles writes as follows from Talladega

"I have not had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Thomas' beautiful play, Alabama. I say beautiful, because everybody else says it, and what everybody says must be true. But if I have been denied the privilege of seeing the play, I have seen Talladega. I am told that Mr. Thomas spent some weeks here imbibing ideas. (We all know that he does not imbibe in other directions.) I am told, also, that the play was originally called Talladega.

"I have now had three meals and lodging at the principal hotel in Talladega, and such few moments' leisure as I could steal from more serious matters. I have devoted to wondering whether my friend Augustus stopped at this hotel during the days in which he drank inspiration for his play-making?

"If he did, and then deliberately and with malice prepense, christened his pastoral Talladega, the possibilities of his imaginative genius are limitless.

"He should collaborate with Mayor Pat

Gleason, of Long Island City, on a pastoral to be called Lotus Land, or, Rose Leaves from Hunter's Point.

"When this was safely launched he could spend a week on the flats between Jersey City and Newark and produce an idyl that would convince the world that the Jersey gallinipper is a myth."

Wherefrom, it may be inferred that the delights of the hotel in Talladega should be embalmed in the professional mind alongside those of the Ragsdale House in Meridian and the Warner House in Chillicothe.

"Manager A. M. Palmer, President of the Fund, appears to have been quoted by THE DRAMATIC MIRROR as criticising the *News* course," says Franklin Fyles in the *News* of Sunday, referring to THE MIRROR's article last week on the Actors' Fund Fair.

"Appears to have been quoted" is an ingenious way of putting it. Neither the *News* nor any other newspaper was mentioned in connection with Mr. Palmer's remarks.

Mr. Palmer was not quoted, or made to appear to be quoted, as criticising the *News* course.

Inasmuch as the interview with him was stated to have taken place several days before it was published, how could Mr. Palmer be made to appear as criticising something that appeared in the *News* only two days preceding our issue?

As a matter of fact, Mr. Palmer did not mention the *News* during the interview in question. The criticism of that paper's attitude toward the Fair in these columns was made by THE MIRROR.

Mr. Fyles misquotes not only THE MIRROR, but himself.

A week ago Sunday he said that "Harmony has by no means been established among the New York managers as to the advisability of a theatrical charity fair with actresses in the booths."

Last Sunday he asserted that what he said was that all the other managers in New York and Brooklyn—except Managers Daly and Sinn—had agreed to help it.

However, good is likely to come out of these discrepancies, for Mr. Fyles now pledges the *News*' hearty cooperation to the Fair.

Poor Scanlan's breakdown has excited sincere sympathy. Paresis is a terrible fate. Incurable, progressive, yet slow in its course, its victim approaches the grim portals of death by many stages, each more dreadful than the last.

It were better to write a man's epitaph than to announce that he has become a paralytic.

The fatal malady has within a few years attacked several successful actors. McCullough, Campbell, Hart, Knight—and now Scanlan.

There is one similarity in these cases that is worthy of note. All were men of humble origin, and all rose from obscurity into a wider sphere than their native equipment would seem to fit them for.

Does this imply that the brain of hereditarily poor structure is not equal to the strain of rapid development and social exaltation? The chairmaker turned tragedian, the brick-maker turned dramatist, were these flights too swift and too high for the wings of the intellect to sustain?

Scanlan was not only magnetic but clever. He acted intelligently, he sang sweetly, he composed with facility. Added to his winsome personality, he possessed the artistic instinct, and with these qualifications he sprang from the variety stage to the position of a prosperous Irish comedian in a comparatively brief period.

He was never more popular than at the time his affliction forced him from the stage. Under Mr. Pitou's admirable management he was strengthening his hold constantly and adding rapidly to his pecuniary accumulations.

Indeed, Scanlan has made more money for Mr. Pitou than any of the stars that astute manager has directed, and it is significant that when the manager gave up Miss Coghlan and Mr. Mantell and turned his enterprise toward a stock company, his relations with Scanlan were not disturbed.

There was a warm personal friendship between the actor and his manager, and the latter's sorrow over the misfortune that has befallen Scanlan overshadows the pecuniary considerations involved.

HELEN BLYTHE'S NEW PLAY.

After a brief retirement from the stage Helen Blythe is about to make her reappearance in a new play, entitled *The Wide World*. It is a comedy drama in five acts, written by Alexander McLean, who will act as Miss Blythe's manager.

The tour will begin about Jan. 25, and will embrace all the important cities as far West as St. Louis and Chicago. Dates have already been booked in many of these cities.

A contract for elaborate printing has been placed with Thomas and Wiley. Hineman is doing the scenery. One of the spectacular effects in the play will be an exact reproduction of the Little Church Around the Corner. The company will be carefully chosen.

MODESTY ON THE STAGE.

Chicago has had a sensation lately. It was caused by an article in the *Evening News* from the pen of Amy Leslie (Lillie West Brown) on the exhibition of bust at the opera.

Amy Leslie is a newspaper writer of considerable repute, and she handled her subject without gloves. The article has excited a stir in fashionable circles in Chicago. Several leading society women have been interviewed in regard to it and Chauncey M. Depue quoted a passage from it at a recent banquet.

After treating the society woman without

mercy, Amy Leslie pays a tribute to the modesty of the actress. She says:

"Actresses knowingly tone the suddenness of nudity by endless piquant concealments that emphasize a lovely figure, but never grossly expose it. The life-long study of an actress is to please. She knows just how much of an ankle is fascinating where the line of allurement blends into the turn of vulgarity. It is only the untutored amateur, or the depraved debaucher of the stage, who flaunts wasteful frocks before the footlights or struts in abbreviated trunks and skitless hankies. An artist, be she ever so much of a siren, adroitly covers her womanly loveliness. She will never embarrass her audience by unveiled epidermis."

The expositors of the operative contingent are a threadbare topic with us, but in Chicago they partake of the nature of a novelty.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Thirty-two performances were given under my management on Christmas Day," said Charles Frohman to a *Mirror* reporter.

"The gross receipts exceed those of Thanksgiving Day, which is generally supposed to be a better holiday for theatrical attractions."

"All the companies did big business. Shenandoah scored a big night in Chicago. It had been seen for twenty-four weeks, all told, in that city. There was \$1,500 in the box-office for the audience at night."

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows played to \$1,700 on Christmas night in Philadelphia. Jane will play to the largest business in the Academy of Music, Baltimore. Dixey has been testing the capacity of the Columbia Theatre, Boston."

"The matinees of my attractions in New York were not to such large audiences as last year. The receipts of *The Lost Paradise* on Christmas night were \$1,527. It was a splendid Christmas for me."

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

DAISY STANWOOD, the young juvenile actress, will be a member of Mrs. Scott Siddons' company next season.

ALEXANDER BRISON has received from Abbott and Teal the English version of his play, *Les Joies de la Paternité*, and is busy adapting it for the American stage.

HUGH BOOTH, the clever and handsome Canadian sourette, has signed a contract with Colonel Milliken for his comedy, entitled *My Comrade*. She will open her season about Jan. 1, making a tour to the Pacific coast. Her booking and business are in the hands of Colonel Milliken.

JENNIE FISHER, who was discharged from the company of George Munroe, the comedian, three years ago, has lost her case against Munroe.

MARJORIE FRALAY, Lotta Hollywood and Alexander Kearney, of the Master and Man company, are ill with the grip.

HELEN BARRY and company are resting this week.

THE *World* remarks that W. J. Scanlan is the only Irish comedian who ever went abroad and was received with open arms. The *World* evidently has never heard of W. J. Florence, Joseph Jefferson, John Drew, John Collins, and Barney Williams.

MANAGER HENRY TONIES writes that he will add some new musical feature when his *On the Sahara* company resumes its tour, Jan. 4.

GORDON M. DOWELL was married to Alice M. Rainford, at Ithaca, N. Y., on Aug. 1. The wedding car has been late in getting to this city, however.

JOHN PHILIP SOUZA'S BAND has been given a permit for a tour from the National Capitol to the Far West. This is the second time in the history of the country that the National Band has been permitted to leave the Capitol. D. Blakely will direct the tour.

SIDNEY R. ELLIS writes that Charles A. Gardner's business this season is far ahead of last year's.

FOR New Year's week Abbott and Teal have booked one Noble company at the National Theatre, Washington, and the other at the Opera House, Providence. It is said that Abbott and Teal have received an offer from Berlin to have Noble done there in German. They own only the American rights to the successful comedy, however.

DR. AND MRS. EDUARD GUERNSEY gave a Soiree Musicale, last Tuesday evening, at their residence, 325 Fifth Avenue. The artists were Laura Schirmer-Mapleson, James Sauvage, Chevalier de Niedzielski, and Prof. Charles E. Pratt. Madame Mapleson sang with exquisite taste and beauty several compositions by Raff, Massenet, Debussy, and Thomas. The company was select and the soiree thoroughly enjoyable.

JOHN M. COOKE, business agent of Evans and Hovey, writes: "I would like to warn the profession and others against a person who is traveling through the country representing himself to be John M. Cooke, agent of Evans and Hovey, much to the annoyance of E. and H. and myself. His plan is to make contracts with hotels and railroads, and after receiving courtesies, etc., to skip out. He has a plentiful supply of personal cards with my name on them. He is a fraud and deserves exposure."

MARY HAMILTON, who originated the part of Ruth Claiborne at the special performance of *The Louisiana* at the Madison Square Theatre, last Summer, was called upon, on short notice, to play that part in Robert Mantell's support at Newark, on Saturday night, in consequence of the illness of Miss Bushby. Miss Hamilton was letter-perfect. Henrietta Lander, who originated the part of the adventuress, was in a box to see Charlotte Behrens play the part. Mr. Mantell, whose portrayal of the character of Louis St. Germaine is romantic in the extreme, was much depressed, as he had just heard of the mental collapse of W. J. Scanlan. Mantell and Scanlan are old friends.

CAROLINE HAMILTON, the new-angled prima of the Bostonians, is fast winning praise and friends wherever the company appears. As Dorothy she is said to have made a distinct hit in all the larger cities, and in Nashville and Memphis she was the recipient of numerous social attentions.

MANAGER CHARLES W. CHASE writes: "F. J. Kridler, of Eustoria, O., who claims to have been with the Kindergarten Company for three seasons, had his fare advanced and drew \$15 in cash from the Hettie Bernard-Chase company. He stole his trunk out of the theatre while the company were at supper and disappeared on the night he was to open at Nanticoke, Pa., Dec. 14."

R. M. FIELD intends to give *The Shaughraun* an elaborate revival at the Boston Museum next Spring.

THE Fair Rebel company sustained a loss by fire through the burning of the Erie Railroad car that contained their scenery and properties. All dates have been canceled until Jan. 1.

JAMES H. SHUCK, manager of Ole Olson, is organizing another company to travel South. As a special feature he has secured a Swedish Lady Quartette in Stockholm, Sweden, who are now on their way to this country and will arrive at an early date.

MARY ANN ARMOUR, of the MacLean-Present company, recently injured his hand, and his awkward manner of handling a sword in *Spartacus*, last week, was due to the injury.

BEN SHERRWOOD has been commissioned to duplicate the scenery of *A Fair Rebel* company, which was destroyed by fire last week. The company will open at the Chicago Haymarket on Jan. 17.

HARRY STONE, manager of the New Whitehead Opera House, Passaic, N. J., has arranged to have Helen Blythe dedicate the house on Feb. 4.

J. E. ENGLISH is preparing for the production of a comedy under his own management. Mae Ramza, late of *The Soap Bubble* company, has signed for the leading part.

THE firm of Harris, Britton and Dean, of Harris' Academy of Music, at Baltimore, have received a letter from the Mayor of Louisville, thanking them for the benefit which they gave the sufferers from the recent fire in that city.

MARIE HUBERT FROHMAN, in *The Witch*, will appear next week in Jersey City. The star has been doing excellent business.

ELMER E. VANDER'S Limited Mail company played to \$2,400.50 at the Boston Theatre on Christmas night. There were 1,027 people in the house.

TED MARKS is in San Francisco.

ON Sunday evening the Editor of THE MIRROR entertained the members of THE MIRROR staff at dinner at the Avena. There were present Kate Masterson, Alfred Ayres, Frederic Edward McKay, Arthur Hornblow, Francis Clarke, Joshua Henry, E. B. Warner, Louis Davidson, J. Gerhardt, L. Otis Fiske, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Grey Fiske.

J. K. TILLOTSON is a firm believer in scrupulous literary honesty. The other day he received a letter from Clint G. Ford, proprietor of a concern that is playing a piece called *An American Hero*. The letter-head was gorgeous in red, blue and gold, but the name of the author of the play had been carefully cut out and backed by a pasted strip of white paper. The letter proposed that Mr. Tillotson should rewrite the piece, strengthen the climaxes and add new mechanical effects, and asked his lowest terms for that work. "The cutting out of the author's name," says Mr. Tillotson in a note to THE MIRROR, "coupled with the proposal contained in the letter, looks to me very much like an attempt to appropriate some other man's property."

"The Little Tycoon's" season has been, writes Henry Greenwall, "the biggest kind of a success. The Southern tour, especially, has been phenomenal. In New Orleans the merry comic opera accomplished something unheard of in the annals of Crescent City theatricals—an engagement of two weeks to packed houses. The Tycoon captured Galveston, and S. R. O. was the cry for three performances. The largest and most brilliant audience assembled in the Houston Opera House since Edwin Booth played there. At San Antonio, Dallas and Fort Worth there was a repetition of the Galveston and Houston business. R. E. Graham, the comedian, who has not been South in ten years, made a tremendous hit, and established himself as a great favorite with Southern theatregoers. Major Burbank, the able critic of the *Pharm*, said that the Little Tycoon could remain in New Orleans a month and the public would not tire of it."

A MEMBER of the Sport McAllister company writes: "Your St. Louis correspondent stated that Miss St. Claire took Miss Norman's place in Sport McAllister at a moment's notice. The fact is, that Bessie Gilbert, the cornetist, who had never before spoken a line on the stage, went on for Miss Norman's part, and acquitted herself most creditably. Miss St. Claire played the part the rest of the week, but she had previously played a three-months' engagement with the company."

MANAGER ALFRED M. DE LEESE, manager of Jim the Westerner, writes that the report that his company stranded at El Paso, Texas, is entirely unfounded. "I played the Lyceum Theatre, Memphis, on the date that I was to play El Paso, and I am playing return dates, instead of going through to Frisco, as I had intended. We played at the Gillis, Kansas City, week of Dec. 20."

DYEING AND CLEANING. Costumes cleaned and renovated. Special rates to the profession. Orders by express promptly attended. Goods forwarded. Discount on company work. *Lord's Dyeing and Cleaning Office*, 21 E. 14th St., bet. Broadway and 5th Ave.

THE HENNEQUIN AGENCY.

Alfred Hennequin, of Detroit, has sent the following letter in answer to THE MIRROR's article of last week, which described the peculiar methods of his play-reading agency.

DE. 30TH, MOCH, Dec. 25, 1913.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror.

SIR:—Under the heading of "A Peculiar Agency," I read in a late number of your journal a series of accusations against our agency, of which I am one of the managers.

As you say that the columns of THE MIRROR are at the disposal of the agency, I will avail myself of your kindness, and will offer such explanations as I deem necessary to vindicate both the agency and myself.

In the first place, allow me to say that said "Peculiar Agency" was established March, 1912, at the request of persons connected with dramatic matters, and with whom both my partners and myself had been acquainted for a number of years.

While a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, my work in the department of languages gradually drifted into if not an independent Chair of Dramatic Art—something that resembled it so much giving each year two series of lectures on dramatic construction, that I induced people connected with the theatrical profession to consult me on various points of interest to them.

All this may seem to be but little to the point, but you will presently see the relation it bears to your article.

During the Winter of 1912, Bronson Howard, who had come to Ann Arbor on a visit, stayed there the whole Winter, and attended a full course of lectures given by me on dramatic art, and, on returning to New York, published in the New York Tribune a letter commenting most favorably upon said lectures, which letters out of a feeling of modesty, I will not quote, although it would have great weight in this discussion. At that time, Mr. Howard strongly advised me to give my whole time to dramatic writings, and the "profession." It was at his request that I wrote and published, two years later, my work on "The Art of Playwriting." When acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the book, Mr. Howard wrote me a charming letter, which THE MIRROR published in full, and from which I quote the following: "If I were an American manager, I would ask every novice who offered me a manuscript, if he had read your work. If not, I should request him to do so, and afterwards send me a 'reviewed copy.' I should make this an absolute condition of accepting it."

I resumed my position at the University of Michigan, and in partnership with George P. Goodale, dramatic editor of the Detroit Free Press, organized the agency in question. We sent circulars to theatres and managers, explaining a new plan, setting forth the advantages authors and managers would receive through our co-operative system. I enclosed one of these circulars. If you will kindly read it you will see that it is an honest appeal to managers, asking them to help us "bring about closer and better business relations between dramatic authors and the profession." We believed, and do still believe, that our plan was good.

The plan was endorsed from the very start by a great many managers; and, during my partner's stay in New York city last Summer, many more names were added to our list. The press commented most favorably on the enterprise, among others, it received from THE DRAMATIC MIRROR a cordial, voluntary, and emphatic endorsement. We aimed at establishing a *Play Agency and Dramatic Agency*, and we are satisfied we have succeeded in doing so, on an honest, business-like basis.

But to come to the issues at stake: The lady who sent us the play entitled *The Poor Poet* has not been honest in her statements. In the first place, she sent three plays—not one—one of which was to be criticised and the two others to receive a "general opinion." *The Poor Poet* was found to be a very poor play, and, consequently, the criticism was to that effect. A charge of \$20 was made then, not for the reading of one play, but for the reading of three plays, including criticisms, etc.

Miss Williams (for her name appears in your article) then wrote me a most insulting letter. Among other things, she inquired how much a "P. D." cost. My answer to that letter was couched in polite and business-like language, pointing out to her the duties of a critic. In reply to that letter I received another still impudent enough to figure to advantage in a critic's scrap-book of letters received from disappointed authors.

Now, Miss Williams did not withdraw her play "after making inquiries respecting the agency," as you state. Her play was received, read and, in due time, returned, the transaction with her taking absolutely the same course as the one followed with other authors. The letter you publish was my last letter to Miss Williams.

Let us now see what are those "foolish and false pretensions" of which you accuse me.

First, the agency has received assurances of co-operation from more than one hundred managers, and by that I mean from persons interested in and connected with the production of plays, including, therefore, not only managers proper, but stars, business managers, press agents, etc., all or nearly all, of whom are constantly looking for plays. As for New York stock company managers, the agency did secure the endorsement and promised co-operation we claim. Of late, some of them have desired to limit their connection with us to the "considering" of any play we may send them. One of the most important and influential of them assures us that he has directed authors to submit their manuscripts to our agency. In fact, we have now plays being considered by New York stock company managers, said plays having been read by us, and altered according to our suggestions.

Your accusation of "false pretensions" stands only on the word "all" which I used. I now see, rather carelessly in my letter to Miss Williams. We have, I will add, received plays "turned over to us" by managers, on the road, under the name of "New York stock companies," though not permanently located in New York city. Again, were I not afraid of betraying professional secrets, I might make certain statements which would uphold what I say concerning plays having been produced through our instrumentality.

As for "enormous fees" charged by our agency, I will say but little. That is a question which concerns only the parties directly interested. I will say, however, that no author has been asked to pay any fee without being previously informed of the terms of the agency.

As for "outrageous commission," they are less, for what is accomplished, than those frequently asked by New York parties. I have proof of what I say. Fees and commissions have, however, relative importance. This I say in all modesty, but it will explain the introductory paragraphs of this letter.

Finally, "how many more has this agency imposed upon?" I will answer by saying that Miss Williams is the first and only one, so far as a thing I am astonished at, for, very, very few plays are, on the whole, "favorably" criticised by us—who have been disabused by our careful and thorough criticisms.

ALFRED HENNEQUIN.

A Mirror reporter called on A. M. Palmer, T. Henry French, Daniel Frohman, Charles Frohman, and asked them if Alfred Hennequin had authority, either official or unofficial, to read plays for them.

Mr. Frohman said: "Professor Hennequin has no authority from me to read or pass on plays. THE MIRROR may say that no one outside of the Lyceum Theatre is authorized either to accept or to decline plays. Plays that may be submitted to me by Professor Hennequin will be treated with as much consideration as plays that are submitted by anyone else—no more, no less. Daniel Frohman is authorized to accept plays for the Lyceum Theatre."

T. Henry French said: "I have had no dealings with Professor Hennequin. I never heard of him."

Charles Frohman: "I certainly am entitled to be called a manager of a New York stock company. When I say that I have never

heard of Hennequin or his agency until you mentioned his name, it is the same as saying that if Hennequin claims to represent me in any way, he is not to be believed."

A. M. Palmer: "I can scarcely believe that Professor Hennequin should say that he has authority to read plays for me—which is the inference, if he claims to be deputized to do so for all managers of New York stock companies. If he did make such a claim, he is playing a desperate game for he is bound to be found out. I read and accept my own plays, and no one outside of Palmer's Theatre has a right to consider plays for me."

The reporter called at Daly's Theatre, but Mr. Daly was not in. It can be said safely, however, that Mr. Daly has never produced a play that came to him through the Detroit Agency.

In these circumstances it is clear that when Mr. Hennequin wrote to Miss Williams, claiming to have arranged with the stock managers of this city, or those hailing from this city, to send him all the plays submitted to them for examination, to be read and criticised at his own terms, he deceived her shamefully.

The reader of Mr. Hennequin's letter, printed above, can judge whether his explanation explains his course satisfactorily or not.

The author of *The Poor Poet* writes to THE MIRROR in this connection:

"There was one very important matter that I neglected to state previously. Before sending my three plays to Mr. Hennequin it was expressly stipulated by him, and as expressly agreed to by him, that he was to read the three plays and then give the fifteen-dollar 'critical analysis' to the one he judged would be most saleable through his agency, while to the other two he was to give what he termed a 'general opinion,' each at \$2.50, or \$5 for both, thus making up the \$20. Now, instead of giving the \$15 worth of time and labor to the play he pronounced most saleable, he gave it to the play he stated expressly to be the poorest, and furnished me no correct or valuable advice, while to the play he declared was the best he accorded only a \$2.50 'general opinion,' containing a distinct hint that it would be likely to prove saleable if returned to him for a 'critical analysis' (\$15), rewritten according to his advice, returned, re-read by him (\$5), thus making another \$20."

COLONEL T. ALLESTON BROWN was presented with a magnificent Masonic emblem on Christmas by his fellow members of the Order. The top is a crescent of the Mystic Shrine. Then comes a diamond star, the Maltese cross, and a double-headed eagle, with a diamond in the breast. In the eagle's talons is a sword, and over its two heads is the numeral, 32, representing the thirty-second degree of the Scottish Rite. On the reverse is a pyramid, a star, another diamond, and, on the back of the Maltese cross, the Masonic veteran's badge, with the numeral, 21, and another large diamond representing the all-seeing eye. Then comes an hour-glass and a bee hive. From all this it may be inferred that Colonel Brown is very much a Mason. The emblem is worth about \$300.

CHRISTMAS TREE

OF MARIE HUBERT FROHMAN AT THE PARK HOTEL LAST NIGHT.

The large crowd that had witnessed the performance last night had long since gone home, separating one way and the other. The Academy of Music, lately ringing with plaudits, was dark and deserted; actors and actresses had removed all traces of the Puritan days from a face and person, and no longer did the vindictive mob pursue the "Witch" with hearts full of hate. Another and a very different scene was being enacted by star and company. Gathered in one of the largest rooms of the Park Hotel, which was tastefully decorated with holly and evergreens, the whole company had assembled, to enjoy the hospitality of the management and take part in the delights of the star's Christmas tree.

The Frohman "Witch" company seems the embodiment of kind feeling, good fellowship and sociability, coupled with refinement and taste rarely found in a traveling company. This may, and doubtless does, arise from the fact that Miss Marie Frohman makes her company feel that whilst with her on the road they are her family, her special care; no want or trouble is too small for her personal investigation. The members feel this, and the kindness she exhibits seems to permeate the whole company. Of course, after birthday parties and other holidays, Christmas Day should form no exception to the rule, so a Christmas tree was purchased, and very pretty it looked loaded down with presents from the star to different members of the company, and from one to the others. One noticeable feature was the entire absence of anything theatrical. No tinsel or colored baubles on the tree—a plain business tree—as one of the company remarked, spangles looked better on the stage.

Many toasts were drunk and responded to, of course the star's good health being strongly featured. None were omitted: little Emma was loaded with presents, and although not able to enjoy the delights of children's parties, she fully appreciated the Christmas feast. The reporter has not witnessed many theatrical gatherings, but he must say that the "Witch's" Christmas tree was the most pleasant affair that could be imagined, and was so entirely untheatrical that one in looking around on the joyful, merry gathering was more inclined to believe that he was looking at a large home party. The company separated at 2.30 a. m., to continue their persecution of the "Witch" in other cities, and looking backward doubtless with feelings of pleasure and regret, to the Christmas spent in Williamsport.—*Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin*, Dec. 26.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.



The above is a portrait of Helena Collier, who has won considerable praise for her work this season. Her dancing was the feature of the performance of *Hoss and Hoss*, and she bids fair to out rival the "cleverest" dancers on the stage, after she has gained more experience. This is Miss Collier's first season, and judging by her immediate success, and considering that she is under the able tutelage of Eddie Colyer, there is hardly a doubt of her rapid advancement in her chosen vocation.

BEATRICE GOLDIE, prima donna, has joined the Milton Aborn Opera company for a few weeks.

KITTY HILL left yesterday to join the Western Ole Olson company.

WILLIAM A. LAVERIE will join Gus Williams' company this week. He will replace Joseph Ransom.

A BREEZY TIME company, under the management of Dan'l Shelby, is having a very successful tour. The papers speak in enthusiastic terms of the agreeable musical, vocal and specialty features which abound in the comedy. The company is a good one, and the play contains dialogue of a higher order than that found in the average farce comedy.

W. A. BRADY will manage Tony Farrell in *My Colleen*.

JENNIE O'NEILL POTTER will appear at the Lakewood Hotel, Lakewood, N. J., on Saturday evening.

IVA DONNETTE will join Crandall's Corners company.

RITA VILLERS will rejoin Charles McCarthy's One of the Bravest company.

ADRIE MOORE joined The Dazzler company last week.

BURT J. KENDRICK, of Grimes' Cellar Door, was in town one day last week. He says his business is "immense." He will enlarge his company next season to twenty-two people.

CARRIE LAMONT is said to have made a hit in the soubrette part in *A Barrel of Money*.

CHARLES F. MCCARTHY, of Harrigan's company, has made a hit as the Widow in *The Last of the Hogs*. He was not cast in *The Four Hundred* as there was no suitable part, but he received his salary during the entire run of the play.

NELLIE M. HENRY's engagement at the New Park Theatre was one of the best that theatre has had. The receipts for Saturday last were over \$1,012.

DAN PARKER, after receiving tickets and money from the local manager, to bring his attraction, *The Boomer*, to Scranton, Pa., for Christmas Day and night, failed to show up or even telegraph why he did not appear. Consequently, he left the local manager on the best day of the year without an attraction.

T. E. MILLS, ahead of His Nibs the Baron company, was in New York on Saturday, and reported fine business for his company.

The Pythian Opera House, at Union City, Ind., was dedicated, on Wednesday last, by Mark Davis' Old, Old Story company.

The marriage of Will Friend, of Roland Reed's company, to Carrie Jackson, of The Great Metropolis company, was quite a surprise to their friends.

CHARLES MORTIMER has secured a new comedy-drama called *A Daughter of Dixie*, which will be produced in New York in the Spring, and which will make an extensive tour of the South next season, with a large company and many effects in scenery and mechanism. Mr. Mortimer writes: "Katie Putnam has not closed season, as reported by your Marion, Ind., correspondent in the issue of the 19th inst. She lost a few nights only on account of illness."

PATTI ROSA is finishing a successful Southern tour in Texas. In January she will play an engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, and then one in Denver at the Tabor. Manager Wheeler takes pride in the fact that the company is now identically the same that gave the opening performance of the season. Time is now being booked for '92 and '93.

JOSEPH BROOKS, manager of W. H. Crane, in speaking of Crane's new play, *For Money*, by Clay Greene and Augustus Thomas, explained why Mr. Greene's name will go before Mr. Thomas' on the programme. "When the contract for the play was drawn up between Messrs. Greene and Thomas and myself," said Mr. Brooks, "the question came up as to which dramatist's name should appear first. The authors agreed to decide the matter by tossing a penny. Mr. Greene won."

EDDIE COLYER, the well-known teacher of stage dancing, will go to Baltimore to-morrow to spend New Year's Day. While there he will give a reception to Helena Collier, his pupil. There will be canvas-back duck, oysters and terrapin in large quantities. Mr. Colyer will return to this city on Jan. 4. He marks it as a series of coincidences that last week he had pupils dancing at five theatres in Brooklyn: Maggie Dean, in The Cadi, Margaret May, in The County Fair, Marie Sailer, in Birds of a Feather; Edith Craske, at Zipp's Casino; and Helena Collier, at the Park Theatre.

RICHARD LINDSEY, musical director, has returned to town, having left Frank Wills Two Old Cronies company.

The daily papers have announced that Frank W. Sanger and Al. Hayman have bought the lot of land on Broadway, next to The Mirror building, and that they have decided to build a theatre on the lot. Mr. Sanger said to a Mirror reporter: "It is true that we have bought the lot next to The Mirror office. It is not settled, but it is probable that we will erect a theatre there. If we do, it will be completed within a year."

J. H. KIRBY, the comedian, sailed for England on Saturday. He is going to London to close negotiations for the production of a comedy, written by himself, called *Christopher Wren*. In all probability it will be presented at the Comedy Theatre.

MANAGERS' MESSAGES.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 27.—Edith Ellsler in *Harold Kike* closed to-night to the biggest engagement of the season. Total for week, \$5,000. Had to place orchestra on stage for last performance. Miss Ellsler dedicates new opera house at Canal Dover on Jan. 2. Happy New Year to *THE MIRROR*.—WILLIAM ELLSNER.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 27.—The Solvay engagement, just closed, has been so successful that we have offered Manager W. M. Wilkins a large sum to pay a return engagement in a repertoire of romantic plays. Solvay's ethereal made more of a sensation than any performance seen here in years. The critics call him "the youngest of great actors and the greatest of young actors."—HENRY GREENE WALL, Manager Grand Opera House.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 26.—The receipts of Ole Olson on Saturday were the largest ever taken at my theatre. A splendid performance. —GEORGE B. BUNNELL.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 26.—Anderson's Two Old Cronies at the Charles Street Theatre to-night broke the record. Turned away a thousand people and made a great hit. —MRS. D. BIRWELL.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 26.—Charles T. Ellis played here Christmas Day to the largest business ever done in the town since I assumed management. Receipts, \$2,000. —GEORGE W. RICE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A FAIR REBEL'S CASE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1913.

SIR:—The article in THE MIRROR of Dec. 22, stating that leading members of A Fair Rebel company had been replaced by others, is entirely untrue. There have been some changes made, recently in our company, but the cast is composed of actors of recognized ability. The changes have materially strengthened the company. —G. F. HENDERSON, Business Manager A Fair Rebel company.

THE IRISH CORPORAL, ALL RIGHT!

SIR:—A CITY, N. J., Dec. 26, 1913.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:

SIR:—The enclosed item, clipped from THE MIRROR, has just been seen.

Firstly, The Irish Corporal company was never in the South or New Orleans.

I have never left the company to make dates anywhere, as the season is entirely booked.

The Irish Corporal company never closed nor never missed one night this season, and our business, with the exception of two or three weeks, has been extremely good.

Then, again, as to board-bills. This company does not owe one cent to any landlord.

As to Frank Sanford, who is reported to have made the statements in question to your correspondent at New Albany, Ind., I picked him up at Hazerstown about three months ago. After the third night three revolvers were missing, and we caught him selling them. At Hazerstown, fearing arrest by the local manager, he disappeared, and I have never seen or heard of him from that day until I read the enclosed clipping.

Trusting that you will find space to correct and contradict the false statement.

Very truly,
FRANK REBEL,
Manager Irish Corporal company.

Received too late for classification

BROOKLYN.

The days preceding Christmas usually affect the artistic tastes disastrously, but no noticeable falling off has been observed in this city.

Hoss and Hoss was at the Park Theatre.

The hearts of the Park Theatre employees were gladdened by turkeys presented by Colonel Sim.

The Grand Opera House offered one of the best attractions seen here this season in *The Sound and the Fury*. It was given with all its magnificent scenes and realistic effects and drew forth enthusiastic applause. Master Walter Lewis is a talented little child-actor who is with the co. The Old Homestead with Denman Thompson as two weeks.

A Fair Rebel did excellent business at Holmes' Star Theatre Christmas week and pleased the audience mightily.

Master and Man 25-Jan. 2

Hyde and Behman's patronage continues good. The programme offered for Christmas week was an exceptionally good one. —K. M.

JERSEY CITY.

The Patrol played at the Academy of Music week of 25 to large business. The co. was excellent and the stage settings good. The fine horses used in connection with the patrol were contrived much to the interest in the performance. Hallen and Hart week of 25.

The Stowaway proved an attraction at the Opera House week of 25. The play was presented with a fair co. and appropriate scenery. Business fair. Clara Morris week of 25. —W. C. F.

SHE COULDN'T MARRY THREE.

She Couldn't Marry Three opened on Christmas night in a new scenic dress. The sets are both beautiful and sensational, and reflect credit on Messrs. Wise & Co., who designed them. The fact of having an entire new set of scenery built in the middle of the season speaks loudly for the company's prosperity. Miss Kennedy and her play are enjoying a most remarkably prosperous season and is already booked almost solid for next season in the principal theatres of the country.

HELEN BLYTHE

IN THE GREAT
COMEDY DRAMA

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

Tour will commence January 25, 1892.
Excellent Cast.
New and Special Scenery. New Printing.

Under the Management of
ALEX. McLEAN.

Largest Cities all Booked. Some Open Dates in February, and Beginning of March, for Eastern Cities.
Address, TAYLOR'S EXCHANGE, 38 West 28th Street, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

"NO QUESTION REGARDING ITS PLACE."
Albany Journal.

There is no question regarding the place of *THE MIRROR*. It is the best written of all the dramatic weeklies, its tone is of the highest, and it is gratifying to know that under the brilliant direction of Harrison Grey Fiske, it is doing well financially. Last year's Christmas number was delightful. This year's is more so. It is full of entertaining reading and the illustrations are particularly fine. The list of contributors include many clever people, among them Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who answers certain questions put to him regarding the drama by the Editor of *THE MIRROR*, as he only can. Comparing the French with the English drama, morally and artistically, he says: "If a Frenchman had written the plays of Shakespeare, Desdemona would have been guilty, Isabella would have ransomed her brother at the duke's price, Juliet would have married the County Paris, ran away from him and joined Romeo in Mantua, and Miranda would have listened quiescently to the words of Caliban. The French are extremely artistic. They understand stage effects, love the climax, delight in surprises, especially in the improbable; but their dramatists lack sympathy and breadth of treatment. They are provincial. With them France is the world. They know little of other countries. Their plays do not touch the universal."

"FAIR IN ADVANCE."
Pittsburgh Globe.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is far in advance of any previous holiday offering issued by Editor Fiske. Its attractive illuminated covers, dainty supplements, containing portraits of prominent actors, and its many entertaining stories and poems contributed by popular writers, form a most delightful combination of pictorial and literary treasures. The advertising is one of the features of the issue, the cards of many well known players being tastefully displayed.

"CERTAINLY SURPASSES THEM ALL."
New Orleans Picayune.

The Green Room gossip of the *Playmate* has received a special copy of the Christmas Number of *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR*. *THE MIRROR* has become famous for its beautiful Christmas numbers. The present issue—a splendid number of sixty-four pages—certainly surpasses them all in pictorial, artistic, and typographical and literary excellence. *THE MIRROR* is the most popular dramatic paper that comes to this city. It has intelligent correspondents, and is generally fair and conservative in its comments on plays and the players.

"BEST EVER ISSUED."
Springfield Union.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR has published the best Christmas Number ever issued by a dramatic journal. Elegantly printed, upon thick, satined paper, with a fanciful cover, in colors it contains portraits in colors and in tint, plenty of pictures and poetry, special articles and stories by Modjeska, Janauschek, the Marquis du Croisic, Minnie Maddern, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Harrison Grey Fiske, Mlle. Rhea, Patience Stapleton, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Colonel Ingersoll, ex-Judge Dittenhofer, General Sikes, Oakley Hall, Helen Barry, Hon. Thomas L. Miller, Howard Paul, and others, and thus unites the drama in a Christmas bond with literature, law, the army, and the navy. Every professional must feel that to support and encourage such a dramatic weekly as this is at once a duty and a pleasure. A Merry Christmas sale to our esteemed contemporaries!

"HAS NOT BEEN SURPASSED."
St. Louis Republic.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* reached St. Louis on Friday. In print, pictures and literature it has not been surpassed in late years. Among the notable contributors is Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, who has a characteristic article on "Plays and Players."

"FINER THAN EVER BEFORE."
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Packed full of good things from one beautiful colored cover to the other, the Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* comes as usual to cheer the heart and fascinate the eye. It is finer than ever before. Among the many clever drawings are those by Sarony, Walter S. Hale, Falk and other well known artists. Colonel Ingersoll, George Francis Train, Patience Stapleton, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Stephen Fiske, Janauschek, Harrison Grey Fiske and many others are among the contributors. Handsome colored plates of Alexander Salvini, Corinne and Jessie Bartlett Davis are contained in the number.

"EXAMINES OF THE HIGHEST LITERARY MERIT."
New York Home Journal.

Something unusually attractive in the way of a holiday number is naturally expected from the publishers of a paper whose usual standard is as excellent as that of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR*. But in spite of the expectation the Christmas number is a surprise in the quality of its contents and its "make up." The stories, poems, sketches, and illustrations are examples of the

highest literary merit in their line. Names count for something, and such names as these count for a great deal. Subjoined is a partial list of the contributors: Marquis du Croisic, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Albert Edmund Lancaster, Sarony, William C. Kingsbury Wilde, Mary Frances Scott-Siddons, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Stephen Fiske, Rhea, Janauschek, Harrison Grey Fiske, Modjeska, Robert G. Ingersoll, A. J. Dittenhofer, General Daniel E. Sikes, Arthur Hornblow, Martha Morton, A. Oakley Hall. Each contributor is at his or her best, and the issue is one of which Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske may well be proud.

"OUTSHINES ALL PREVIOUS EFFORTS."
Rochester Post-Express.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is a gem. It outshines all previous efforts in this line. The articles are extremely readable and the illustrations are handsome and valuable. Harrison Grey Fiske deserves the highest commendation for this model journal. Here's long life and continued success to *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR*.

"A CREDIT TO THE PUBLISHER."
Hartford Daily Times.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is a splendid specimen of what that elegant and popular publication with the actors and playgoers can do when it really tries. The many large, full-page pictures of favorite actresses and actors in character—the lesser illustrations, or nearly every page—the literary matter, the stories, the theatre-gossip and news, all commend this holiday number especially. But it is the excellence of the quality of the pictures as art-works that is the best feature of this large holiday issue. Its picture gallery includes Maud Jeffries, Julia Arthur, Annie Lewis, Frank Lander, Marie Bules, and many other lights of the stage. It is a credit to the publisher, Harrison Grey Fiske.

"THE BEST DEVELOPMENT OF THE PRINTER'S ART."
Detroit Tribune.

The special Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is a beautiful specimen of the highest development of the printer's art. Two full page colored plates are presented, one of the younger Salvini as Don Cesar de Bazan, the other a nearly life-size portrait of Corinne. There are also photographic reproductions of the latest portraits of Annie Lewis and Vernon Jarboe, likewise full-page, a fine picture of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll accompanying a valuable original article from his master pen and any quantity of good likenesses of prominent members of the theatrical profession. Napoleon Sarony contributes a fine figure drawing entitled, "Tragedy," and several other leading New York artists are represented. Minnie Maddern appears in a delightful series of reminiscences of her brilliant career written in an easy, flowing, readable style.

"REDELY ILLUSTRATED."
Springfield Republican.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* contains a great deal of entertaining matter relative to the stage and its shining lights. There are several meritorious stories and an interesting article giving the views of Robert G. Ingersoll concerning dramatic art. The number is richly illustrated. Sarony's drawing of "Tragedy" is far above the commonplace.

"A DELIGHT."
Chicago Press.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR this year makes its Christmas bow to a very large and appreciative audience. Its literary contents are on the same high plane as its artistic illustrations, and its typographical appearance is a delight. The most distinguished contributor is Colonel Ingersoll, on "Plays and Players." In the course of his article the Colonel says: "The great thing for the drama to do, and the great thing it has done, and is doing, is to cultivate the imagination. . . . To produce a great play and put it worthily upon the stage involves most arts, many sciences and nearly all that is artistic, poetic and dramatic in the mind of man. . . . The great actor must be acquainted with the heart, must know the motives, ends, objects and desires that control the thoughts and acts of men."

"WAY AHEAD OF ANY SPECIAL NUMBER."
Portland, Me., Daily Advertiser.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is superb, and is way ahead of any special number of its kind issued during the holidays. The special articles are of great interest and the illustrations are extremely artistic.

"ALL PREVIOUS NUMBERS SURPASSED."
Albany Express.

The Christmas Number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is a delight to the eye and the mind. For a number of years Harrison Grey Fiske has been producing artistic holiday numbers of *THE MIRROR*, but this year all previous efforts have been surpassed, and a number exceptional for artistic and literary value has been produced.

"BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND MERITORIOUS."
New York Daily News.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR Christmas number for this year is excellent in literary matter, in pictorial sense, and in its artistic get-up. It is both

TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

CHARLES F. MCCARTHY.

With Edward Harrigan's company.

As **THE WIDOW HOGAN**

In "The Last of the Hogans"

McCarthy will be a great boon to Harrigan's company—*Albany Daily Evening World*.
 Harrigan has never had a substitute for Tony Hart more acceptable than McCarthy promises to be—*N. Y. Sun*.

Henri Lynn

AS DOCTOR SETH SWOP

In C. E. Jefferson, New and Exchange

COUNTRY CIRCUS

beautiful and meritorious, and would adorn any drawing room.

"PLEASANT READING AND FINE PORTRAITS."
Rochester Morning Herald.

Bright as one of its own reflections is *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* for Christmas. It contains nearly fifty pages of pleasant reading and its portraits are remarkably fine. The most prominent players of the period are not included in its biographical sketches, lights of lesser radiance illuminating its pages. Worthy of special note is a full page engraving representing "Tragedy." It is from the pencil of Sarony. The figure is that of a woman, her darkened brow and the heavy drapery of her garments well bespeaking the theme. Colored portraits of Corinne, and Alexander Salvini in the title role of Don Cesar de Bazan, give additional brightness to the number. Even the advertising pages are entertaining.

"A MODEL OF ARTISTIC BEAUTY."
Philadelphia Daily News.

The *NEW YORK MIRROR*'s Christmas number is a model of artistic beauty and literary elegance. The latter is almost superfluous, as *THE MIRROR* has been always truthful, fearless, graceful, and certainly reliable. Its holiday issue far surpasses anything heretofore attempted in the line of dramatic literature.

"BEAUTY AND MERIT."
Baltimore American.

The Christmas number of *THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR* is filled with good things, both in a literary and artistic way. The cover is a graceful woman, an idealization of *THE MIRROR*, and on the reverse side is a full length picture of Jessie Bartlett Davis as Allan-a-Dale, both in dainty coloring. The list of contributors includes a long array of the most famous names in the profession, and story, poem, essay, and sketch are well and interestingly represented in the contents. In addition to the fine cuts, and pictures and portraits, there are several colored supplements. The whole makes a holiday number combining notably beauty and merit.

"BEAUTIFUL IS THE WORD."
Boston Times.

The *DRAMATIC MIRROR*'s Christmas number this year surpasses its previous efforts. Beautiful, is the word that expresses its general appearance. It contains richly colored portraits of Corinne, Alexander Salvini as Don Cesar de Bazan, and Jessie Bartlett Davis as Allan-a-Dale. Its literary features are of a high order, and it is embellished with excellent portraits of favorite actors and actresses. Every theatregoer should procure a copy as a memento of the season of '92.

"UP TO THE HIGH STANDARD."
Kansas City Times.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is quite up to the high standard of this excellent paper and its previous holiday editions. Both in its literary and its pictorial embellishments there is observed a fine regard for both interest and intrinsic worth. Among the contributors Editor Fiske has secured are Robert G. Ingersoll, General Sikes, Madame Modjeska, Mlle. Rhea, Mrs. Frank Leslie, and other notable writers, in addition to Mr. Fiske's own entertaining contribution. The illustrations are by Falk, Sarony, and other noted artists.

"ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST."
Pittsburgh Courier.

The Christmas number of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* is a marvel of art and beauty. Besides its many fine engraved vignettes and portraits, it contains the names of some distinguished contributors. . . . This is a bare outline of the beau-

tiful things reflected in *THE MIRROR*, and we congratulate our dramatic contemporaries on having issued one of the handsomest Christmas publications of the season.

THE FRENCH COPYRIGHT COMPANY

Reg to announce that they have for disposal in the United States the following French plays.

NORAH.

A three act comedy by GINET DAN, COURT author of *Three Wives to One Husband*.
NORAH has achieved a pronounced success at the Theatre des Nouveautés, Paris. Also

Queen of the Voodoos.

A new act melodrama, by MICHAEL DE BELLIGNY, dealing with incidents in the Cuban revolution.

The French Copyright Company, 3 Broad Street, New York.
 EDUARD BRANDUS & CO., General Agents.

Wanted a Backer

To assume control of a Musical Comedy of an original character by a newspaper man. It isn't a variety farce. A New York run can be arranged for. Address: DRAMATIC EDITOR, this office.

Merry Xmas, and a Happy New Year,

To all those who I have taught.
 And all those who have taught me.
 And all those that I love those that I taught.
 And all those that love those that taught me.

Yours, E. C. COLLYER.

at Clayton Place, New York City.
 Teacher of State, D. H. S.

F. TOWNSEND SOUTHWICK'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

Special classes now forming: 25c for the season. Tuesdays and Fridays, 4 to 6 P. M.
 Address: 38 West 28th Street.

Martin Hayden
 Address care of EDWARDS' EXCHANGE,
 414 West 12th Street, New York.

Mrs. NANCY HOLLAND—Lecturer on "The Art of the Play" and "The Art of the Actor" at the New York Dramatic Club.

H. FRICK WELDER, Manager of the "Theatricals" at the New York Dramatic Club.

ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year! The light has fled
And left the Winter day rose-red,
From a distant church tower sounds a bell,
For the old year a sad, sweet knell,
Hands are close-clasped and greetings said
Till those past days, by fancy led,
We dream of griefs with blessings wed
And seem to hear the gay chimes tell
"Another Year!"

The day sinks in the sun's rose bed
With it die strifes, repinings, dread,
Kind memories throng and fond hearts swell
For friends proved true, for tears that tell
New smiles are born, old sorrows dead,
"Another Year!"

KATE MASTERSON.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

(Copyrighted.)

Hattie Welles was undeniably a lovely girl—only nineteen; tall, graceful, elegant, with dark blue eyes, real golden hair, and lips which spoke as sweetly as she looked. She was, moreover, intelligent, well educated and accomplished. Her father was Nathan Welles, of the well-known shipping firm of Welles, Blackett & Tubbs; wealthy; devoted to his only daughter. Her mother died during her girlhood. She lived in a handsome mansion on Murray Hill, and, without being what is called a belle, moved in excellent society and enjoyed every possible comfort and luxury.

For over a year, Miss Welles had been engaged to be married to John Downing. That is to say, she had been engaged to him all her life; they had been playmates and schoolmates and sweethearts as long as they could remember; but their betrothal had been publicly announced when Hattie was eighteen years old, and John gave her an engagement ring with a solitaire diamond, which, he told her, was worth \$1,500. She ought, therefore, to be a very happy young lady—and, without thinking much about it, she was happy.

John Downing was a stoutly built, thoroughly good and solid business man of about twenty-five, looking and feeling considerably older than his years. His business was profitable, but prosaic; the boot and shoe business. But, then, it was wholesale, and John could afford to laugh at those who justly called him a cobbler. He had inherited it, with plenty of capital, from his father, and had been put in charge of it, after going through college and making the tour of Europe. Fond of his money, and fond of Hattie, the only daughter of the wealthy Mr. Welles, could not have selected a more sensible and satisfactory husband, and all concerned were aware of this fact.

When Hattie joined an amateur theatrical society, then the fashionable fad, John joined, also. He would have gone into the ring of an amateur circus if Hattie had been one of the troupe. Like most lively, intelligent girls, Hattie had some talent for acting, and her intelligence and her imitative faculties soon made her the star of the little coterie. John had no histrionic ambition, and only looked awkward when on the stage. He was content to escort Hattie, and to do his best with such minor parts as were assigned him in the farces.

For awhile, the leading members of the Amateur Circle—"cercle," being the French for "club," sounded more imposing—were rather successful at private receptions and select charity benefits in such two-part comedies as *A Morning Call* and *A Happy Pair*, with a good old farce to complete the bill; for Bob Van Ricketts, a millionaire by birth, was a capital low comedian, and delighted toadden his nose, assume a dialect and be knocked about the stage. Then, growing bolder with impunity, they decided to attempt *The Lady of Lyons*, with the full strength of the Cercle in the cast. Hattie Welles was to be the Pauline; Tom Hatch, who had taken lessons in elocution from an old actor, the Claude Melnotte; two of the youngest girls, fresh from boarding school, the Widow Melnotte and Madame Deschappes; and so on, John being cast for Colonel Damas because he belonged to the Seventh Regiment. The Lyceum Theatre had been rented for an afternoon performance; tickets five dollars each; the proceeds to be donated to the Maternity Hospital. In the evening, the Cercle would give a supper and dance at Delmonico's.

But, as the rehearsals proceeded, it was discovered that none of the amateurs knew what is technically called the business of *The Lady of Lyons*, or, rather, that each of them remembered it differently. The characters were in each other's way. The lines seemed to lack point. Confusion became worst compounded. "This will not do at all," was the general verdict.

Finally, Tom Hatch suggested that the Cercle should engage Harry Delacourt, the popular leading man of the Hyperion Theatre, "the ideal Claude Melnotte," as the critics termed him, to stage-manage the comedy for them. "He comes high, but we must have him," said Bob Van Ricketts, who was going to try a small serious part as Gaspard. So Mr. Hatch was authorized to make the arrangement.

Harry Delacourt came, and was seen and conquered. All the ladies admired him, all the men hailed him as a first-rate fellow. He understood his profession perfectly, and soon began to get the Cercle into something like dramatic shape. He said, "My dear," to the ladies, and "My boy," to all the men. He pushed and pulled them about to place them in their various positions. Withal, he was so handsome, so stylish, so good-tempered, and so jolly that everybody was more than pleased with him.

On the stage, Delacourt made love—in the play—to one lady after another, being by turns all the characters, in order to show how they ought to be acted. But the most rigid chaperone could not object to this; for if he made more love to Hattie Welles than to any-

body else, that was because the lines of the play required it.

But the most enjoyable moments of the rehearsals were the fleeting flirtations at the wings, while the actors were waiting to catch their cues to go on. Delacourt had his share of these, and enjoyed them as much as anybody else. He was watching the stage and directing the performers, but he had speaking eyes and a voice modulated like music. All of the young girls openly worshipped him—so openly that none of their admirers thought it worth while to be jealous. Was it not a dream of romance to be talking to, or listening to, the Claude, the Romeo, the Wildrake, the Charles Surface, whom they had so often applauded at the Hyperion Theatre?

Perhaps only John Downing noticed that the interchange of mingled badinage, instruction and compliment between Hattie and Delacourt was rather more intimate and personal than between Delacourt and any other lady. Perhaps John Downing was a trifle annoyed and perplexed when Miss Welles invited Delacourt—for an extra fee, of course—to call at her house and give her some private lessons in her difficult part, and when Delacourt accepted the invitation but declined the fee, saying that it was included in the original arrangement. If John Downing had any such feelings, he concealed them admirably and devoted his whole mind to the rehearsals, bestowing only his leisure moments upon the boot and shoe business.

Seen by himself, in the Welles parlors, Delacourt was even more fascinating. Under his tuition, Hattie began to feel like Pauline and to recite her speeches with true artistic fervor. Delacourt evidently admired her and took extraordinary pains with her. In conversation, outside of *The Lady of Lyons*, he was most interesting, with poetic ideas and romantic phrases which Hattie had never heard in her parlors before. He talked a great deal about himself; but that was the subject which engrossed Hattie. The quaint, technical, professional terms, which he often used, amused her so much that she would repeat them after him, like a real actress.

Did she own, even to herself, that, when Delacourt had gone, something seemed missing from her luxurious home? That, compared with Delacourt's bright and versatile conversation, the talk of John Downing seemed dreadfully dull? That the only way in which John could now make himself agreeable was to offer to take her, in the evening, to the theatre where Delacourt was acting? That, as she watched the popular favorite from her box, he seemed to be acting to her? That it made her happy all the night when Delacourt gave her a slight sign of recognition from the stage, or wore one of the flowers, which she had sent him, in his button-hole? If so, she was as reticent as John Downing and gave him no sign of her sentiments or her infatuation.

Late one afternoon, Mr. Welles, coming into the back parlor unannounced, found Delacourt upon his knees, pleading to Hattie, who, half consenting, half refusing, turned away from him. The old gentleman was purple with astonishment.

"What's going on here?" he thundered. Hattie, laughing, but embarrassed, explained the situation and introduced Delacourt to her father. Mr. Welles, by way of apology for his mistake, invited Delacourt to stay to dinner. Delacourt regretted that the only day he could dine was Sunday. "Come on Sunday, then," said Mr. Welles, and Hattie seconded the invitation, which, after a little hesitation, was accepted.

Delacourt came on Sunday, and charmed the father as he had charmed the daughter. Mr. Welles had not enjoyed his dinner so much for many years. He laughed so heartily at some of Delacourt's stories that he forgot his dyspepsia and his peptic tablets. John was there, of course, and he laughed at o. Indeed, the gentlemen sat long over their wine, in the English fashion, after Hattie had left the table. But she could hear Delacourt's merry voice, and smiled without knowing why, as she listened to the laughter when he paused.

The semi-public performance of *The Lady of Lyons* was a great success. The house was crowded. The daily papers gave unusually long notices, and praised all the performers. The supper was a success. Delacourt attended it, and was toasted, and delivered a modest speech. He stayed for the dance afterwards, and waltzed with Hattie—not as divinely as she had anticipated, but then he had been acting that night and was fatigued. The Cercle presented him with a set of diamond studs, in addition to his fee—and here the incident should naturally have terminated.

Mr. Welles continued it. He, who liked few men, had taken a great liking to Delacourt, who could make him laugh at will. He invited Delacourt to dinner every Sunday. This necessitated afternoon calls upon Hattie. Besides, the Cercle were discussing *Romeo and Juliet* for their next production, and Delacourt was giving Miss Welles a few hints about Juliet. In short, their intimacy rapidly increased.

On Sunday, at dinner, Delacourt happened to say that he was investing his money in the shipping business, at Liverpool. This was well-known ground to Mr. Welles, and he talked more than Hattie had ever heard him since her mother died. Then, in his blunt way, he asked how much money Delacourt had invested, and was surprised at the large amount.

"Why, what do you actors get, on the average?" asked Mr. Welles. Hattie shuddered and shook her pretty head at him.

"Oh, you can't average it," replied Delacourt. "I don't mind telling you that my screw—salary, you know—is two hundred and fifty dollars a week. The papers call it five hundred; but that's a bosh. Nobody but a star collar that sum."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a week—twelve thousand a year?" gasped Mr. Welles.

"No, not quite that; for our year—season, you know—is only forty weeks. Say, ten thousand. That's about the mark, taking in benefits and off-snaps."

"Why," said the old gentleman. "We pay you more than we do our Cabinet officials or Supreme Court judges!"

"Very likely," replied Delacourt, unabashed. "Good actors are scarcer than politicians or lawyers."

Hattie, listening with all her pearl-shell ears, could not help thinking that, if a popular actor should fall in love with a rich man's daughter, his poverty need be no bar to their marriage. John Downing was reflecting, at the same moment, that an actor made as much by merely playing as a boot and shoe merchant could get out of a large capital and hard work. But Delacourt told a capital story, and the subject was dropped.

Although love may be read in a man's eyes, heard in his voice, seen in his manner, a true woman must always wait for the straightforward declaration: "I love you! Will you be my wife?" Now, Delacourt never said this, nor anything like it. Perhaps, if he had said it, Hattie would have accepted him. Perhaps she would have informed him that she was engaged to Mr. Downing, and could look upon any other man only as a friend. We shall never know what she would have answered, as the question was never asked.

Hattie expected it, sometimes thought that she saw it coming, was agitated, often distracted, by conflicting emotion of anxiety and despair. At last she unintentionally brought her romance to a conclusion.

Upon his double chain Delacourt wore a locket, with his monogram in diamonds. Hattie had measured that locket with her eyes, and had decided that a miniature of herself as Pauline would fit it admirably, and be an appropriate New Year's present for Delacourt—not her own portrait exactly, but still something to remind him of her whom he often called "My Pauline," half in jest, half in earnest.

The locket probably contained the photograph of his mother, or, perhaps his sister. She had never examined it closely, though he always wore it. As she looked at it, thinking how she could ask to see it, Delacourt observed her intent gaze.

"Are you admiring my locket?" he asked, courteously. "The outside is the least valuable part of it. Inside it are my treasures. Allow me," and he detached it from the chain and handed it to Hattie, pressing the spring as their hands met and disclosing two pictures, one of a sweet young woman and one of a little boy.

"My dear wife," said Delacourt simply, "and my little boy. You would love Nellie if you knew her. I have written her so much about you, that she knows you already—and as for the boy, he's a wonder, though I say it, who shouldn't. See! He has my head, but his mother's eyes."

Hattie was an American girl. Her hand did not tremble, though it turned as cold as ice. She did not faint, though a horror of great darkness weighed for a moment upon her eyes! His wife? His son? What then had he meant by his looks, his attentions, his intimacy? Like a flash of lightning, she understood that, being an actor, he had meant—nothing. He lived in a different world from her own, and was not to be judged by the same standards.

As she bent over the locket, she steadied her nerves and her voice, and, better than in *The Lady of Lyons*, proved herself a great actress.

"It is a sweet face," she said, "and I should like to meet Mrs. Delacourt. But the boy—that was why I wanted to see your locket—to know whether your child was a boy or a girl. I do wish to send him a New Year's present from your Pauline. Tell me what he would like best of all."

"Well," said Delacourt, "I was going to send the little chap—Ned his name is, after me, you know, Ned is my real name—I was going to send him one of those patent safety bicycles; but they're so expensive that my screw won't quite run to it, this season."

"Oh, let me send it!" cried Hattie, rising. "That was just the present I was thinking of—that is, if you had a boy. Write down the address for me and John, who knows all about bicycles, shall pick out a beauty for dear little Ned."

So the bicycle was sent to Edward Wiggings, Jr., Blackpool, England; and Hattie married John Downing; and Delacourt still dines, every Sunday when he is in town, with old Mr. Welles. But Delacourt sees very little of Mrs. Downing, because she has resigned from the Amateur Cercle, and is devoted to her children and her husband.

SIDNEY FISKE.

FRANK SANIER and Augustus Pitou pool-pool the scheme for an Independent Theatre. They say that the revival of venerable plays would be stupid, and that as for producing modern plays, all that are suitable for the stage will be produced by managers of regular companies. Daniel Frohman's view of the matter is a sensible one, and expresses clearly the purpose of the Independent Theatre. "I am a subscriber to the course," said Mr. Frohman to me. "I shall be interested in seeing the old phases of the drama put literally on the stage. The Independent Theatre will be supported by subscribers in the same way that a club is supported. It will be in the interests of a few lovers of the drama, who will have an opportunity to see various efforts in dramatic writing tested on the stage." The scheme evidently leans to the literary side of the drama. This, for managers generally, has no practical interest. I presume it will be to the theatres what the Manuscript Society is to music.

THE MS. of The Honorable Herbert, by Haddon Chambers, has been received by Daniel Frohman. The play will be produced shortly at the Vaudeville, London.

FOREIGN.

ROME.

Dec. 6.—This week I will devote my letter to Eleonora Duse, our celebrated tragedienne. It was at the Fiorentini Theatre, in Naples in a little one-act comedy, I forget the title. The theatre was almost empty. The few people that were in the pit were sleeping and yawning. Suddenly a young girl—almost a child—comes forward. She wears a short white frock and holds a few flowers in her hand. Her long hair is tied with a blue ribbon. She enters laughing. The audience is in that laugh. It wakes the sleepers, and the yawners remain open-mouthed. The child gave the audience an electric shock.

A burst of applause greeted her first stage-laugh, and every eye-glass was directed to her. Then, on her young, white brow, anxiety was seen. It was as though that frail, delicate girl, with those thin, pale cheeks, already felt the throes of human misery, as if the passion of woman had already struck her heart, and showed itself through the smiles of childhood. There was something here which the public could not quite understand, but it was won, as by a vision of future glory. This mere child, who came, saw, and conquered in one hour, was as poor as she was young, and she did not know how to reply to the compliments that were poured upon her when the curtain fell. Her little white gown was scant and shabby, the blue ribbon in her hair was faded, and the lace around her neck in shreds.

The following morning at Naples read in the papers that a new star had arisen in the theatrical horizon, and her name was Eleonora Duse.

And, when she was seen in the street, modestly clad in black, people whispered to each other: "This she, Eleonora Duse, the new actress."

At the same theatre this same girl actress was, ere long, seen playing *Desdemona*. She was still poor, and her dress was shabby, but she had many merits, but *Desdemona* has never found, in any country, a more tender or gentle representative than Eleonora Duse, at eighteen years of age. Even her long, thin, nervous arms had a language in them. The public grew more and more impressed for this strange child of nature, whose unconventional action and diction were far removed from anything ever seen before on the Italian stage.

Enthusiasm became frenzy, however, when she appeared as *Therese Raquin*, with Pezzana as the mother-in-law. This is one of the greatest creations of Duse's career. From the moment you see the guilty wife leaning on the window-sill, with her eyes gazing inwardly at her misdeeds, a movement of the moment of her final agony, that child lived in her part. She was the guilty wife, with remorse and disgust gnawing her soul. The flowers and smiles of childhood had disappeared—even gentle *Desdemona* was forgotten. In *Therese Raquin*, she was only the morbid, passionate, sensual woman—a murderer to satisfy her own womanly, female, beast, in one infatuation, Zola, himself, wrote to her, to thank her for this wonderful impersonation of one of the most terrible parts ever written for woman to play.

Her fame was made, and, one after another, triumph succeeded triumph—in *Pamela*, *Princess George*, *Venus*, *Fedora*, *Lady of Camellias*, *Chrysothide*, *From-From*, *Francine*—she was admirable in them all.

No actress is so completely void of "tricks of trade" as Eleonora Duse. She does not even "make-up." On the contrary, she discards creams, rouge, and crayons, and yet, whether as *Marguerite Gautier*, *Fedora*, *Cleopatra*, *Desdemona*, *Santa Lucia*, etc., she can change her physiognomy without adding a line to her eyes, or color to her lips and cheeks.

She can express love, hatred, tenderness, anguish, joy, grief, jealousy, everything in fact with a touch of the paint brush to aid her. No one can change the expression of her face so quickly as Duse. A simple raising of the eye-lid, a movement of the head, a curl of the lips, a smile, to conceal tears, all give the just expression that she wishes to impart to her face, which is always of marble hue. She can laugh at pleasure, a rare gift for an actress, and in anger, she turns red and white by turns, without any artifice, but the feelings of the moment.

Another quality of Duse is, that she never takes liberties with the text, unless with the author's sanction. Thus in *The Lady of Camellias*—one of her favorite parts—fearing Armand's insults, instead of listening to him in silence till she faints, Duse gasps "Armand!" from time to time, and each time with a different expression in the cry. This is an improvement to the scene.

Her great charm—even from her first appearance—is nature. She is true to nature in everything she attempts. She may be said to have introduced a new art on the Italian stage, which is too conventional, as a rule.

In Rome, where she comes but too seldom, unfortunately, she is almost worshipped. I shall never forget the last time she was here. The theatre was crowded, and, at the end of the play, she was called forth no less than fifteen times. Nor was that all. The whole public made a guard outside the stage door, waiting for her to come out, to give her one more cheer. Not one of the ladies present thought of going to their carriages—they formed two lines in front of the gentlemen, and with them, waited for Eleonora Duse to appear.

When she did appear, leaning upon the *Marquis d'Arcois*, arm of the celebrated critic, now dead, alas! she was cheered and surrounded by her admirers, all of whom accompanied her to her hotel, whilst all the houses along the road were lighted up by Bengal lights. When she finally entered her hotel, she was compelled to appear five times on the balcony to bow to her friends and thank them over and over again. Not even *Bernhardt* had such a triumph in Rome.

In Russia, also, Eleonora Duse was considered greater than *Madame Bernhardt* in many of the parts she played there.

She is not pretty, and does not dress extravagantly. S. P. O. R.

AMSTERDAM.

Dec. 6.—The month of November has been unusually quiet in the theatrical line, at least, as new productions are concerned, and the few that have been put on have not attracted special notice. There has been, therefore, a frequent change of bill at the different places of amusement, but these have been mostly revivals. One exception to this has been at the Varieties, where *The Extremist* still reigns supreme. The success of *The Extremist* is something unheard of in Amsterdam, and exceeds even the remarkable runs of the other two productions brought out by Managers Krenkiet and Poolman.

Our metropolis is to receive an additional play-house, which, if all the plans and arrangements approved in the prospectus are carried out, will surpass all the other buildings of its class here. Indeed, from what I gathered from a short interview with one of the managers, Mr. Ruderman, the Artis Theatre that is the name of the edifice now under construction will bear comparison with the finest theatres of other European capitals, as regards commodiousness and elegance.

The managers of the Artis Theatre are Messrs. Krenkiet and Ruderman, well known as members of the operetta company of the Frascati Theatre, of which company Mr. Krenkiet has been the leading comedian for many seasons. He will continue to hold his post until next May, when he will become leading comedian of his own operetta company. The site of the Artis Theatre will be within a stone's throw of the Frascati Theatre, and in the midst of the group of theatres formed by said Frascati and the Park and Plantage. At the back of the building is to be a garden, tastefully and invitingly laid out, where the audience can take a whiff of fresh air between the acts and partake of refreshments. It is the fashion in Amsterdam to order refreshments during the intermissions. At first it seemed a little strange to see the theatre converted almost into a cafe during the entr'actes, but after one strikes a couple of months in Holland, the custom strikes one as decidedly practical and sociable.

The opening is to be somewhere between the 1st and 15th of May, 1912. The regular company is expected to the theatre, at the head of which is Mrs. Ruderman, will consist of fifty members, the regular chorus included, and an orchestra of twenty-two musicians. Managers Krenkiet and Ruderman will also enter into negotiations with foreign attractions and combinations for the off nights.

A. J. G.

in blank verse, well written, and has considerable merit. It is, perhaps, entitled to a place in the classics, but will never prove sufficiently entertaining to make it a popular attraction.

F. H. W. M. is in the city representing the Margaret M. M. Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The people of probably no city in the country make such elaborate preparations for the celebration of the holidays as do the citizens of Washington, and as a consequence the week preceding the holidays is usually a quiet one for the playhouses. The uniform good judgment of the theatre managers of this city has made the past week an exception to the rule. Extraordinary strong attractions at every theatre have kept the attendance up to the accustomed standard of each.

At the Academy of Music, the Madison Square Theatre success, by the original cast, drew audiences of 21, the President and his household paying the compliment of attending on Tuesday night.

Charles Jackson in *Long* drew good attendance last night at the National. This play was preceded by the one act curtain-raiser, *The Salt Cellar*, by Nibbe.

Gas Williams, who is unusually popular among Washington theatregoers, drew crowded houses at Albion's 21-22. He is supported by an admirable cast.

On Sunday at Albion's, the Mozart Symphony Club, of New York, made its first appearance in Washington. Maud Powell and Mary Forrest were among the soloists.

At the Union Devoy and Smiley gave a vaudeville show that filled the house every night. His Nibs the Baron 21-22.

James H. Wallack in *The Bandit King* and *The Mountain King* was the attraction at the Lyceum, drawing fine houses nightly. Manchester's French Folly comb. 21-22.

It is gratifying to Washington theatregoers to learn of the success of Katherine Lucille Foote, daughter of Col. M. J. Foote, of this city, and who figured as a former society belle in this city for several seasons. She is at present with Wilford Barrett's company. It is stated here that she is shortly to make her debut as a star in a London theatre. She is to create the part of Mary Queen of Scots in Richard Daly's play of *Holyrood*.

George F. Conn has resigned his place in the Academy of Music box-office and gone to New York, where he has accepted a position in the Casino.

Annie Lewis will star next season under Jacob Litt's management. Mr. Litt recently presented Manager Kapley with an elegant portrait of Miss Lewis, which now adorns the wall in the reception room of the National.

Mario Decca has returned to her home in Washington to spend the holidays. Her tour through five Western States was notably successful, and at Cincinnati and Detroit she was received with special favor.

KANSAS CITY.

The Christmas week attendance at all the theatres was very good, probably because of the superior attraction offered and the increasing feeling of prosperity so firmly evidenced here now.

The Bostonians opened the week at the Coates before a big audience. Robin Hood was strong 21-22, except Christmas Eve and Christmas matinee, when Carmen and Dorothy were presented to overflowing houses. On the opening night over twenty-five encores were given and all the old favorites appeared to splendid advantage. Camille Derville, one of the new members, was received with great pleasure and made a splendid impression. She has youth, beauty, and a fine clear high soprano voice and took her place at once at the head of the favorites. A Texas Steer 21-22.

The Boston Howard Athenaeum co. opened 21. Jim the Westerner was presented at the Edilis 20-21 to fair audiences by a cast of moderate excellence.

The World again after dark fairly at the Ninth Street Theatre 20-21. After dark 21-22.

Sir Edwin Arnold gave an enjoyable reading at the Auditorium 21 before a good-sized and cultured audience, but did not appear 22 as billed. N. B. Shum Cloward, the local manager, being unable to pay the \$1,000 guarantee agreed on, or anything near that amount.

Maudie Rogers' co. rested here Christmas week. Mamie Earle (Mrs. J. J. Lodge) has gone to join The Fast Mail, with which her husband is connected.

The *Times* headed its theatrical page last Sunday with a reproduction of the picture of Jessie Hargis Davis, taken from THE MIRROR's Christmas Number.

SAN FRANCISCO.

E. S. Willard is in more respects than one a masterful actor. San Francisco has given him the entire approval of the people and the press. The Middleman is now in the last half of its fortnight. Marie Burroughs plays Mary with such sweet grace and dignity that one wishes she were on the stage more than she is. There are no strong characters but Hienkarn, which, in the hands of E. S. Willard, is so very true to nature that one almost forgets that there is any one else in this performance. The Carleton Opera co. will appear at the Baldwin on Monday night.

U and I opened at the Bush Street Theatre, last night, after a fairly prosperous week of John L. Sullivan and Duncan Harrison in their new play, *Broderick Agra*.

Last night at the Tivoli Opera House the Christmas opera was produced, under the title of *Island of Zenobar*, or *Princess Benedicte*, in three acts, adapted from *The Illustrious Stranger*, by Harry Gates. Cast: Cadmus, King of Zenobar, Frank Pearson; Princess Benedicte, Lena Salinger; Prince Azar, Tillie Salinger; Zula, Grace Plaisant; Balisto, Tom Ricketts; Gumbago, Phil. Branson; Ben Bobst, John S. Marr; Royal Chamberlain, Arthur Messner; Alita, Emma Vorce; Zaira, Maud McIntyre; Mileva, Julia Simmons; Noorika, Aggie Hillard; Nara, Irene Mull; Fama, Gerie Walker.

The stage setting has some very rich effects. In Act One there is a grand hall in the palace of King Cadmus on the island of Zenobar; also the cave of Balisto. In Act Two there is a royal pagoda and the march of the Amazons, together with some clever specialties. In Act Three are the royal apartments of the prince and the royal manseum, with a pretty skirt dance by Maud McIntyre, concluding with scenic artist Oscar L. Fesc's transformation scene, *The Age of Progress*. A very fetching waltz song by Tillie Salinger and the Amazon march in the second act are original compositions by Adolph Bauer, the talented conductor of the Tivoli orchestra.

The Tivoli's Auction opened last night at the California Theatre.

There was another Christmas work last night at the Alcazar Theatre. The title is *Afra*, a dramatic spectacle in four acts. The action takes place in the mountains of the Tyrol. There is a handsome transformation scene, waterfall and a burning house. In addition to other good scenery, a May pole dance and some pretty ballets constitute the effects. I shall say more of the people next letter. Suffice it, however, that *Afra* will run longer than a week at the Alcazar.

The New York Opera Comique co., under the management of John F. Burrell, has had fairly good encouragement at the Orpheum 21-22. Saturday night as fine a performance of *The Mikado* as I ever witnessed was given by this co. Henry Hallam sang Nanki-Poo; Charles Drew, Koko; Douglas Flint, the Mikado; George Olmi, Poo Bah; Emily Soldene, Katschia; Bob Vining, Pitti-Sing; Josephine Stanton, Peep-Boo; and Tellula Evans, Yum-Yum. The house was crowded, and I believe business will be large all the week. The Grand Duchess and Mariana will follow in order.

In Billie Taylor last week Emma Vorce was a charming Susan.

Thursday evening Rosina Vokes was sold at auction and brought \$500. This is not the comedienne, but the little girl she dressed to be sold at the auction of the Doll Congress collected by the *Ex-Ambition*.

As Broderick Agra John L. Sullivan finds himself in a "character" more suitable to him than that of *Daily in Honest Hearts*.

There has been a splendid group photograph of the *Ex-Ambition* girls.

Otis Harlan, who made a pleasing impression with the U and I co.

Adelle Ester made a pleasing impression with the U and I co.

Henry Hallam and George Olmi had a pleasant meeting the other day with Sadie Kirby and Blanche Howard. They were all former members of the Casino co. of New York.

Grace Vernon is a desirable acquisition to the Tivoli family.

All Billingshouse is busy with his dramatic agency. I can safely recommend him as reliable and industrious.

Louis Masson's work is limited as Captain Chandos at the Baldwin, but thoroughly pleasing.

Esther Lyons has made a very favorable impression as Mary Neagber in *Broderick Agra* at the Bush.

Handsome Ella Aubrey is missed this week at the Orpheum.

Phil Ray has gone East.

The stage settings this week are so enjoyable that I must mention who are responsible. Percy Winter for *The Middleman* at the Baldwin, Nick Long for *Afra* at the Alcazar, Fred Urban for *Princess Benedicte* at the Tivoli, and J. W. Norcross for *Mikado* at the Orpheum.

Manager J. J. Gerlach will have some pleasant surprises with his Winter and Spring attractions at the Bush.

Nannie Craddock is a California girl and receives a hearty welcome as Felicia with Willard at the Baldwin.

Matrice Asherton has been made chief usher at the Bush.

Tellula Evans has made a well-defined success at the Orpheum as the prima donna of a New York opera co.

Conried's Comic Opera co. in *Poor Jonathan* will come to the Bush Street Theatre in February.

Harry Swenson is here promoting old acquaintances and making a whole lot of friends.

Zeffie Tibbitts is a charming Nancy in *The Middleman*.

J. D. Maxwell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALABAMA.

BIRMINGHAM.—REHE OPERA HOUSE: St. Pius 21-22, good business.

BIRMINGHAM.—OBRIEN'S OPERA HOUSE: Frederick Warde Dec. 21, 22 to large and fashionable houses. Twelve Temptations 23, 24 to good business. Manager Frank P. O'Brien left 25 on a flying business trip to New York.

TUSCALOOSA.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC: The Pay Train Dec. 21, good performance to a fair-sized audience. St. Pius 21-22. IEM: The advance soloist Milton Nobles 17 is very large.

ANNISTON.—NORTH STREET THEATRE: Milton Nobles Dec. 18, fair business. Margaret Mather in *Joan of Arc* 20 to large and select audience. Miss Mather received several curtain calls. All the Comforts of Home 21.

MOBILE.—THEATRE: Milton Nobles, assisted by Dollie Nobles, presented to a small but pleased audience *A Son of Theopis* 21. I am glad to chronicle the fact that Frederick Warde, in *The Lion's Mouth* and *The Mountebank*, played to large business during his engagement here 17, 18. Two Old Cronies 21 and matinee to paying business. Margaret Mather and Salvini are the next attractions.

MONTGOMERY.—OPERA HOUSE: Duncan Clark's co. to a small audience Dec. 17. J. C. Lewis and talented co. in *St. Pius* 21. Owing to stormy weather, light business. THEATRE: Frederick Warde in *The Lion's Mouth* drew a large and fashionable audience 15. W. C. Anderson's co. in the new *Two Old Cronies* to a good house 18. IEM: Manager McDonald has been fortunate enough to again secure the services of his old stage manager, Neil McLain, who is very popular with our citizens, particularly with the women. Mr. McLain is and has been for many years one of our fine co. for several years. A. F. Warde, business manager for Frederick Warde, and the new piece by Henry Guy Carlton, *The Lion's Mouth*, has been a wonderful success in the South. Mr. Warde is now booking for next season, when he will have Lewis Jones with him. A great many compliments were paid to Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of our fine co., for several years. A. F. 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 Chicago, Ill., Jan. 22. St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 22.
MILWAUKEE: Milwaukee, Ill., Dec. 22. Waukegan, Ill., Jan. 22.
 Covington, Ind., 22. Attica, Ind., 22.
 Dayton, 22. Cambridge City, 22. Anderson, 22.
PRINCETON AND WEST: Pittsfield, Mass., Dec. 22.
 Albany, N. Y., 22. Northampton, Mass., 22.
 Holyoke, Jan. 22. Springfield, 22. Boston 22.
SWEDESBORO: ALVINO AND GORTZ: Phoenixville, Pa., Dec. 22.
 Pottsville, 22. Reading, 22.
WHEELING: Richmond, Va., Dec. 22. Norfolk, Jan. 22.
MISCELLANEOUS
BRISTOL: M. E. COVINES: Warton, Pa., Jan. 22.
 Kittanning, 22. Beaver Falls, 22.
DAIRY MILK: ET: Omaha, Neb., Dec. 22-Jan. 22.
ETIA PECKINS: Darlington, S. C., Jan. 22. Wilmington, N. C., 22. Orangeburg, S. C., 22. Charleston, Savannah, Ga., 22.
HOWARTH HEDDER: Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 22.
HERVETI MUSEETTES: Vazoo City, Miss., Dec. 22-Jan. 22.
KELLY: Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22-indefinite.
PIROU HERMANN: Pueblo, Col., Dec. 22-Jan. 22.
 Leadville, 22. Salt Lake City, Utah, 22. Cheyenne, Wyo., 22. Kearney, Neb., 22. Grand Island, Lincoln 22.
SMITH-GORDON: New Exeter, N. H., Dec. 22.

LETTER LIST.
The following letters await their answers at this office. They will be delivered or forwarded on request or written application. Letters addressed for Editor and forwarded by mail will be returned to the best office of circulation and not by the Editor.
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 Adams, Prof. S. H.
 Armstrong, Marie L.
 Aker, John, Jr.
 Butler, Alice C.
 Butler, Mrs.
 Bradley, Emma
 Beardsley, Alice
 Black, J. W.
 Black, Will
 Backler, Geo.
 Bondage, C. E.
 Buchanan, Mrs. A. F.
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 Coon, John W.
 Clarke, for Cora, J. R.
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